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Saturday Review of THE ARTS

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Pavarotti: A New Caruso? The First Black Film Stars

America Discovers a Major Painter: Ferdinand Hodler

Self-Portrait by Hodler

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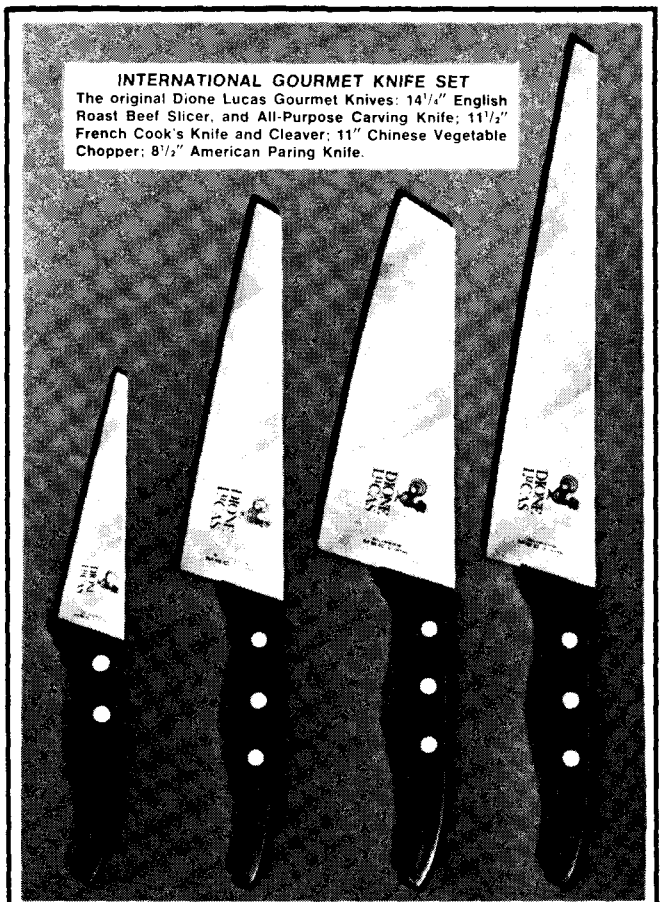

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INSIDE SR

A museum director and a one-mule prospector have something in common: the ambition to uncover a great treasure. Never mind that their motives differ; the thrill is real.

Peter Selz knows. Long before he wrote our cover story he admired the paintings of Ferdinand Hodler. Selz didn't bring a Hodler show to New York while he was a curator at the Museum of Modern Art, but he did finally pull one together in California. Since becoming director of the University Art Museum at Berkeley in 1966, he's been looking at the monumental space under his command and imagining Hodler's monumental canvases in it. He pooled resources with art historian Eva Wyler and the Guggenheim Museum in New York, and late last year Berkeley was the scene of a major event: a comprehensive look at the last of the great nineteenth-century painters to be introduced to the United States.

Selz

Editors like discoveries, too, and a happy one for us is Donald Bogle, the young critic whose audacious approach to "The First Black Movie Stars" is sure to provoke some thought about the current rash of black exploitation films. Now twenty-four, Bogle has been interested in black films since he was six and saw *Carmen Jones.* Then he noticed the old black stars in films shown on television and became entranced by their energy and vitality. "My friends thought I was crazy, or at least reactionary, for liking those sell-outs," he recalls, but he decided to transform his secret vice into the book from which he drew his article.

Bogle

Bosworth

The arts are, more often than not, a sensory experience, so we asked Patricia Bosworth to explore a form that survives —nay, transcends —the loss of one of the senses. She gave us "Flying Fingers and Terrific Talent," about the National Theater of the Deaf. "I first heard about it from David Hays, its producer-founder, who is an old friend . . . . I tried to write about the theater with delicacy but honesty, too," Patti says, and she succeeds.

Contributing editor David Bourdon has known Vito Acconci ("An Eccentric Body of Art") since 1968 but has seen that master of the far-out surprised only once. "I was making the rounds of SoHo [in New York] with three friends, and we wanted to see the performance in which Vito 'combined' himself with a couple of roosters by crushing them against his chest. The roosters were a mess when we arrived, but Vito forgot about them when he saw Andy Warhol and Yoko and John Lennon."

Bourdon

Irving Kolodin, our music editor, has been interviewing singing celebrities since he was barely old enough to vote, and the practice shows in "Tall Tenor With a Voice Kissed by God." He notes that his subject this time, Luciano Pavarotti, is unique among the many: "An authentic wit." An example of Pavarotti's rather involved operatic sense of humor involves two singing stars who once had barbed words for each other but now have turned to honeyed utterance. "La Forza d'amore," Pavarotti grinned, combining *La Forza del Destino* with *L'Elisir d'amore* to produce The Force of Love.

Kolodin

After several years as an editor at SR, Peter Nichols is now freelancing from a house near Carmel, New York. What really impressed him about *The Doctors* ("Don't Hand Me that Garbage, Sweetheart!") was that such TV work is just like a day at the office. I think you'll enjoy his look at one of those days. J.P.

Nichols

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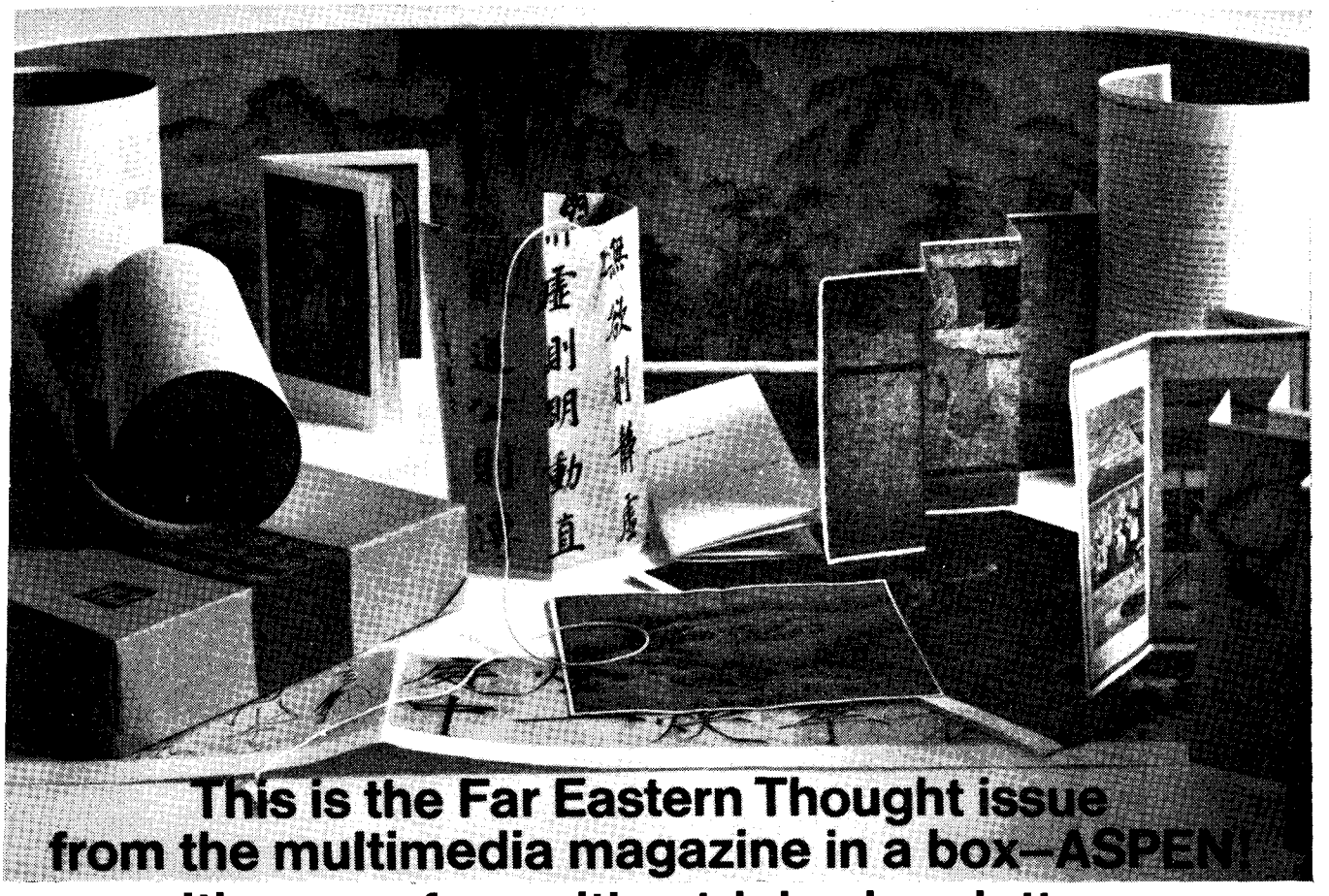

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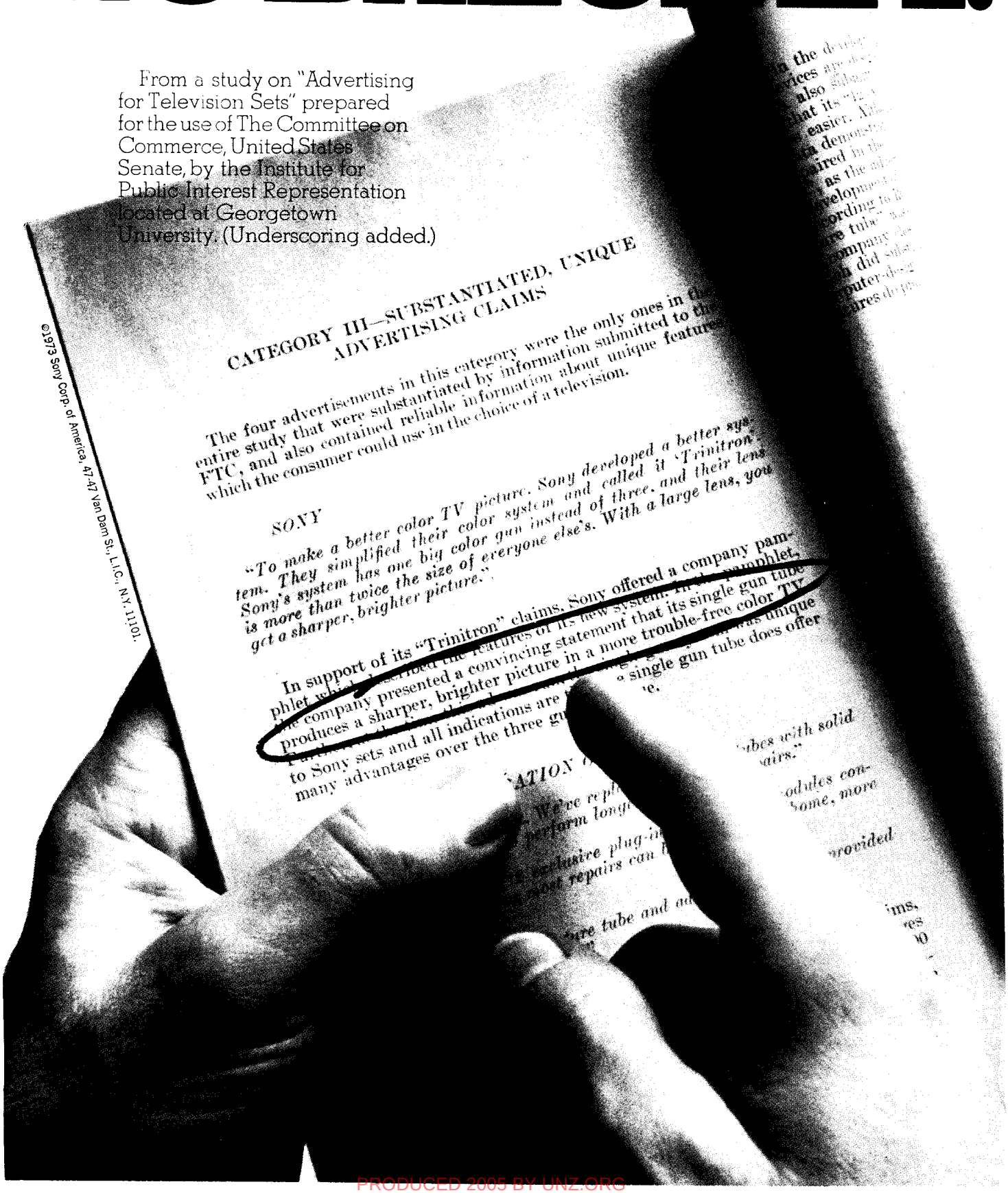
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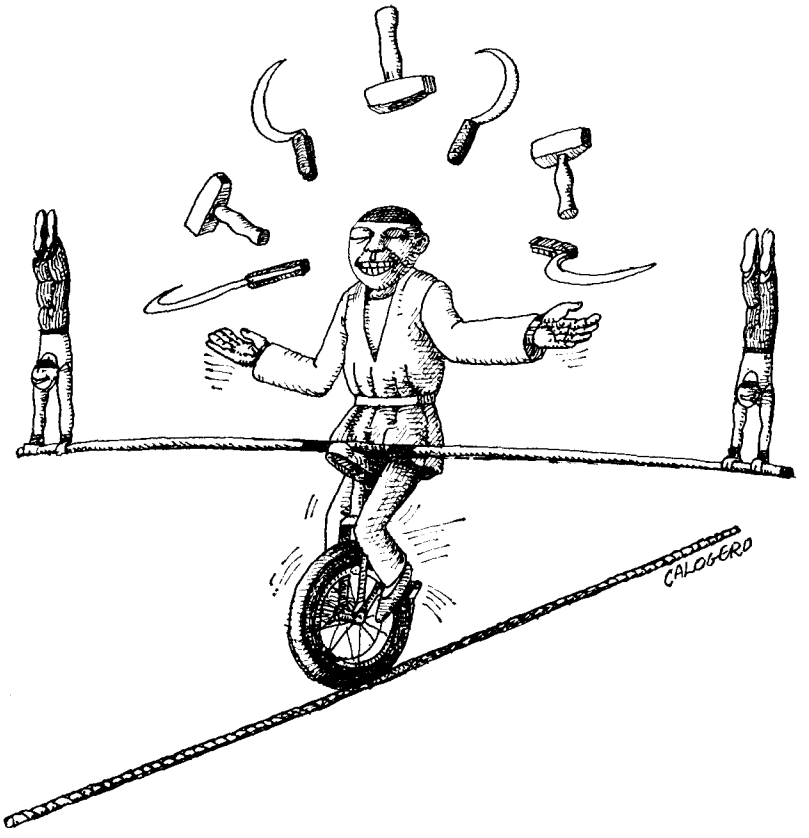

Cultural Balancing Act

BY DALE HARRIS

NEW YORK, N.Y.—After ping-pong, acrobats. Red China certainly understands instant diplomacy.

The Shenyang Acrobatic Troupe, which played five performances to full houses at the City Center Theater in January, was a great theatrical event, but there was no mistaking the political ramifications: cosponsorship by the National Committee on United States-China Relations; pickets marching on the street and handing out denunciatory leaflets; a welcoming address by the mayor of New York; an audience that included a good part of the political, commercial, and social power structure of New York City; and house lights left on throughout the entire performance so that plainclothesmen lining the walls could maintain constant scrutiny. The diplomatic significance of the occasion even found its way into what was otherwise a completely nonpolitical show: in both the opening and closing tableaux performers waved bilingual banners expressing hope for continuing friendship between "the Chinese and American peoples."

The visitors were strange and wonderful performers. The opening number, featuring two little boys and a pair of huge orange lions (each played by two acrobats), is a modern version of an ancient folk dance. In fact, traditional village games lie behind a number of the troupe's most spectacular acts, like the spinning of plates and diabolos and the deployment of "flowery sticks." In all of these feats, manual dexterity has been transformed into dazzling virtuosity.

The Shenyang Company does extraordinary things. A man hoists a five-meter pole onto his shoulder. While he balances it, another climbs it and performs gymnastics. A second climber joins him, and, hanging onto the pole, they do handstands high in the air, supported only by the heroic strength of the first man's shoulder. Girls spin plates on sticks, three to a hand. Others enter, spinning four in each hand. By the end one girl spinning five per hand is standing in arabesque on the head of another, who is spinning four in each hand. A solitary man builds a huge structure of chairs and climbs it as he builds. At the top he places a bench and two piles of bricks and then does handstands.

All the performers tempt fate, probability, and the force of gravity. The New York audiences loved the acrobats and they obviously took pride in their success. They were alien, certainly. Yet, while performing, they called forth the universal tributes of empathy and admiration. Only three other cities (Chicago, Indianapolis, and Washington, D.C.) had the good fortune to see this group of marvelously gifted men and women and children defying human limitations with pluck and grace. They and we deserve further knowledge of each other. □

Dale Harris is a contributing editor of SR of The Arts, *specializing in music and dance.*

Love Song to the Duke, From Just About Everybody

BY JOHN L. WASSERMAN

LOS ANGELES, Calif.—Sammy Davis, Jr., swirled restlessly around A&M Records' crowded Studio A in Los Angeles, singing, dancing, snapping his fingers, jiving with drummer Louis Bellson, and trying to get a number called "The Blues" shaped up for the taping two days later.

Sam was wearing a natty brown suit that appeared to be wrinkled patent leather, a sports shirt, a necklace with an apple core at the end, and a brown hat. "It's one of his cute days," said Shirley Rhodes, popping some ice into

John L. Wasserman writes about pop music and films for the San Francisco Chronicle. *Beginning next month, he will become a contributing editor of* SR of The Arts, *specializing in jazz, rock and related revelries.*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GENE CALOGERO

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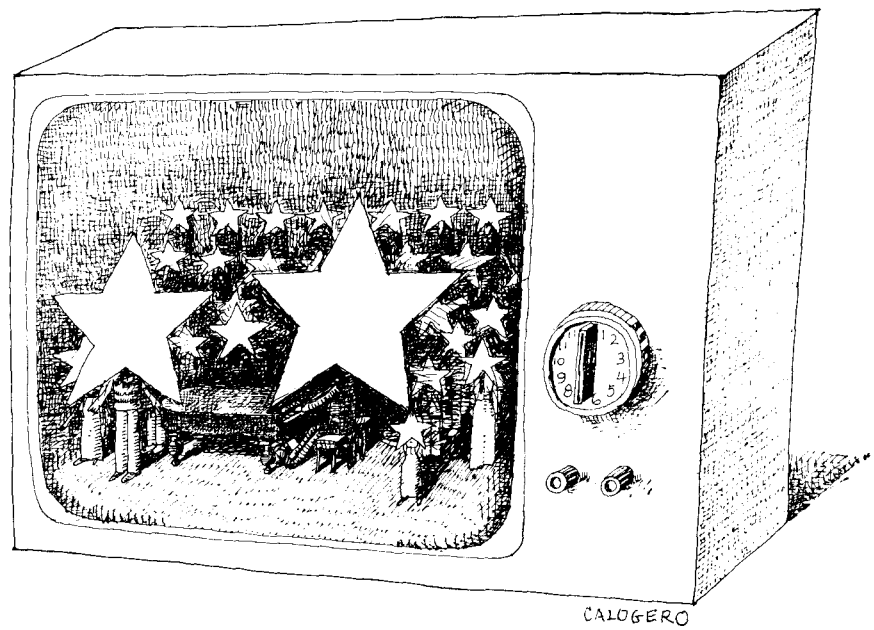

a paper cup filled with Pepsi. Shirley is the wife of Sam's conductor, George Rhodes, and the resident ego-demolition expert of the Davis entourage.

Indeed, Sam the Man was having a good time. He huddled with conductor Marty Paich, carried on an impromptu drum battle with Bellson—Sam tap-dancing his licks—cracked a joke, and then bowed deeply to the brass section. "Show business," he intoned gravely, "is my *life*."

"Hey," came a voice from the control booth, "that last segment ran only a minute and forty-two seconds. It's supposed to go two minutes and a half. You left something out!"

Sam turned around and peered through the double-glass windows at the source of this wisdom, television producer Bud Yorkin. "Just a *minute*," he snapped with the grin-glare perfected by Don Rickles. "Gee . . . we don't tell you how to run *All in the Family, Sanford and Son,* or *Maude*, do we?"

Point made, the second of four frantic days of rehearsal continued for *Duke Ellington . . . We Love You Madly,* a ninety-minute special to be broadcast by CBS television on February 11. Yorkin was not noticeably restrained by the Davis admonition—he continued blowing periodically on the chrome whistle hanging around his neck—but that is only to be expected from the coproducer of three of the hottest television shows going. Musically, however, he was about as far out of his depth as water wings would be in the Marianas Trench. It could be argued that Sammy Davis, Jr., is one of the best American pop singers. Yet, of eight featured singers on *Duke Ellington . . . We Love You Madly,* he comes in about eighth.

The special represents, quite simply, the greatest array of jazz and pop music talent ever gathered in one place at one time. The seven singers who beat out Sammy are Aretha Franklin, Ray Charles, Roberta Flack, Billy Eckstine, Sarah Vaughan, Joe Williams, and Peggy Lee. The show's *chef de cuisine* is Quincy Jones. The arrangers include Luther Henderson, Jimmy Jones, Marty Paich, Thad Jones, and Phil Moore. The token rock group is Chicago, and the guest piano player is Count Basie.

"Every note in an hour and fifteen minutes of music was written by Duke Ellington!" Yorkin kept gurgling, apparently unaware of the existence of Ellington's collaborator, the late Billy Strayhorn. Among those playing the notes are Clark Terry, Ernie Royal, Cat Anderson, and Cootie Williams on trumpets; Jimmy Cleveland, Bob Brookmeyer, Britt Woodman, and Tyree Glenn on trombones; Jerome Richardson, Harry Carney, Marshall Royal, and Russell Procope on saxophones; Louis Bellson and Paul Humphrey on drums; Ray Brown and Chuck Rainey on basses; Kenny Burrell on guitar; and Dave Grusin on keyboard. Ellington men, both old and new, blended with the cream of jazz studio musicians.

The Duke himself, in baggy pants, baggy sweater, and baggy cheeks, flirted with production coordinator Darlene Chan, standing close behind her, hands on her shoulders, instructing her to "take one step forward, then two back . . ." Bill Basie, sitting at the piano, stogie sticking straight out, Count Benign himself, looking rather like an attractive frog . . . Ray Charles discussing some kind of business: "Well, it's like you're supposed to be innocent 'til proven guilty . . . it *sounds* good on paper, but it's bullshit."

The Divine Sarah, looking dour, complaining of a headache, threatening to faint if she doesn't get some cue cards by Wednesday . . . Aretha, effortlessly demonstrating that she is first among equals . . . salty Billy Eckstine, giving orotund dignity to a variety of four-letter words . . . chubby, cute Roberta, looking like a launching pad for her tightly wound top-knot . . . and Quincy, master and slave to his own creation, complaining to the ubiquitous Shirley Rhodes, "Man, this is killin' me . . ." Shirley, briskly, with arched eyebrows: "*You* wanted to be a producer. I remember you when you were a trumpet player in the section. Used to be a nice man. . . ."

Then the end was in sight. More than fifty musicians and singers broke ranks, ending six hours of that day's musical chairs and chaos. Only the rhythm section was left—and Ray Charles and Aretha Franklin and a song called "Ain't but the One." It was a rehearsal when it started, Ray at the electric piano, Aretha quietly singing. They got to the end of where they were going, the rehearsal was over. Then the music started for real, the volume picked up, Charles started howling, and Aretha cut through like a soulful laser.

One old-timer grinned. "Duke hear *that*," he said quietly, "he'll be saying, 'Look what they done to my song, Ma.'" □

Corcoran Haymaker

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Once one of the capital's most distinguished art museums, the Corcoran Gallery has fallen on hard times. Directorless since last November, the gallery has not been able to lure any qualified person to the job. This is at least in part due to the ghastly glow that has persisted ever since that regrettable evening in early November when, about an hour after a black-tie members' opening had begun, Director Gene Baro telephoned the *Washington Post* and announced, "I have just been assaulted by Vincent Melzac." Descriptions of the clobbering are as numerous as witnesses, but there is general agreement on two points: Chief Executive Officer Melzac did punch Baro in the eye (five stitches were required), and Baro did retaliate by emptying the contents of his cocktail glass over Melzac's head. Both gentlemen's resignations were accepted forthwith.□

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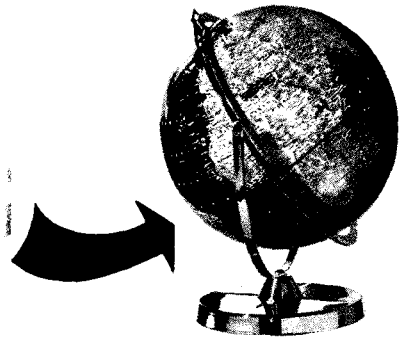

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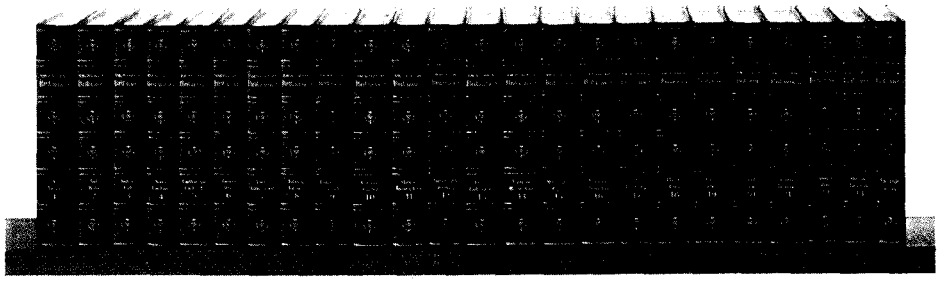

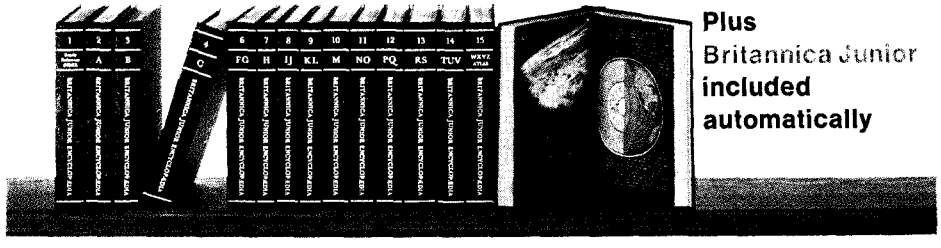

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Blend 2 tablespoons tomato paste with 1 cup dry white wine. Stir into juices. Add ½ cup water or stock, cover and simmer over low heat. Add small amounts of liquid as necessary. When meat is tender, sprinkle in gremolada, made as follows: Combine grated rind of a small lemon, 2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley, and 1 chopped clove of garlic.

Serve with boiled rice or risotto.

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When Italians get together

WIT TWISTER NO. 317

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Because the — — — — — — — —
used swear-words so coarsely,

The chairman arose and — — — —
— — — — him hoarsely,

— — — — — — — — his fee for
attending the meet,

And had him ejected right into
the street.

Col. Myron Birnbaum
Falls Church, Va.

Answer on page 69

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1540

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1540 will be found on page 69.

JPW GPCBW CZ QX BOZW

PNT KNTTWF BOUW N

DNHCD—OL PCJ GNJWD CD

N TMDNKW.

TXFLWX TQOJP

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Life Goes to a Last Party

BY MARIE-CLAUDE WRENN

NEW YORK, N.Y.—*Life Goes to a Party* . . . For roughly seventeen years, one of the most popular sections of *Life* magazine appeared under this headline. The parties *Life* reported were exclusive, outrageous, and humble: debutante balls; a party-cum-tiger hunt hosted by the Maharaja of Jaipur and one of his three wives; a Marion Davies Hollywood extravaganza at which magnolias were pinned to rosebushes; a New Year's Eve party in Greenwich Village, at which Dorothy Parker "let go some of her famous wisecracks"; attic cleanings; cornhusking bees; slumber parties; blanket parties.

Last December 21, ten days before *Life* closed its covers forever, the magazine went to a sort of party of its own. A couple of hours after the festivities started up in the Time & Life Building on 50th Street and the Avenue of the Americas, the booze was running out. A bowl of onion dip sat on a table alongside a piece of cheese and a few unappetizing crackers. *Life*'s staff had pleaded to go out with hot dogs and beer, but the company said that that would be "in bad taste." The party turned out to be a pale reflection of the boisterous bashes that the magazine once gave. In fact, it was probably the worst party *Life* ever threw.

Seven years ago, I remember, *Life*'s Christmas party was an all-day affair. There were white table cloths, silver casseroles, hot and cold buffets. The uniformed waiters spoke French, and violinists played alongside the Xerox machine in the newsroom. I still have a big red-and-green button printed specially for the occasion—LIFE GOES TO A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

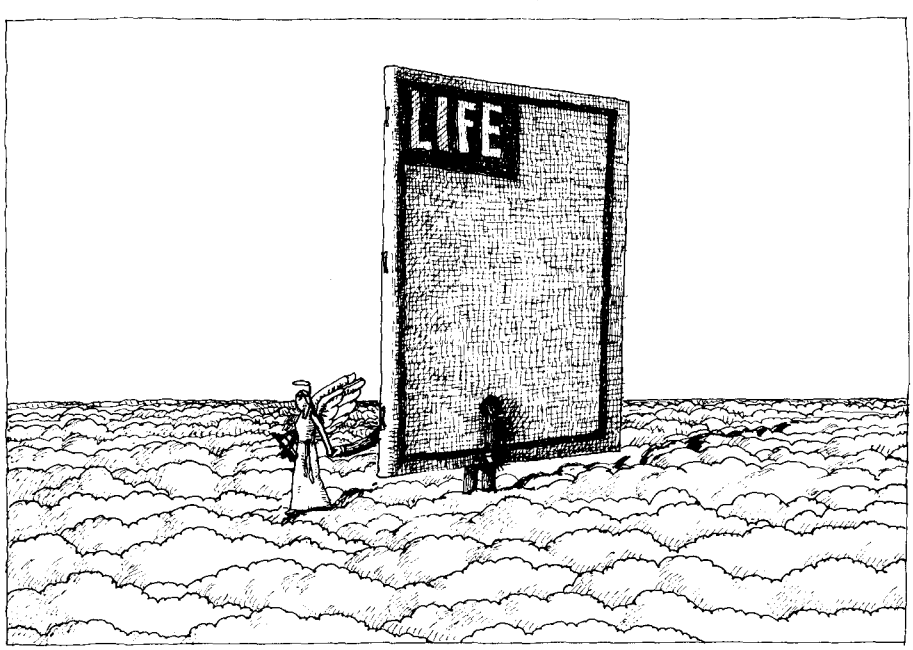
Another year a florist was commissioned to festoon the hallways of the twenty-ninth and thirtieth floors with green boughs and a procession of Christmas wreaths. *Life* invited New York City's sidewalk vendors to come up from the cold to sell their hot dogs and roast their chestnuts on the thirtieth floor. The ragtime band from Your Father's Mustache, a Greenwich Village beer parlor, blared, and an enormous upside-down hat was filled with popcorn. On the twenty-ninth floor the omelette man from Restaurant Associates whipped up individual omelettes.

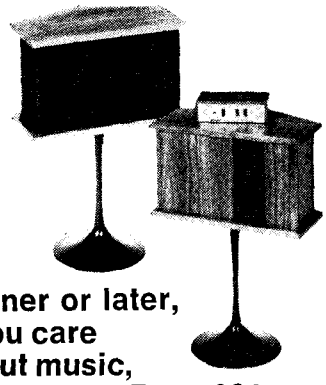
There were many other occasions for festivities. The Ancient Greece series ended in 1963 with a banquet of Greek specialties. Three years later, with the publication of the Ancient Rome series, Italy's Consulate turned the tables and gave the reception.

In better days there wasn't much thought for expense. Five years ago, when Ed Thompson, once *Life*'s managing editor, was leaving the company, a team was sent to South Dakota, Thompson's home state, to contemplate Mount Rushmore and to interview townsfolk for a one-shot, black-and-white film on his career. The film was narrated in a gravelly-voiced "March of Time" style and was screened at Thompson's going-away party, along with his blown-up baby pictures and a portrait of him twenty feet long and nine feet high. A Country-and-Western band provided musical accompaniment.

A year later, for the retirement of

Marie-Claude Wrenn, now a freelancer, was a reporter for Life *for seven years.*





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Life's copy editor, Joe Kastner, Time Inc.'s eighth-floor auditorium was transformed into a country fair. Paper money, with Kastner's face replacing Lincoln's, was passed out for all to spend on the side shows. A hurdy-gurdy player, complete with monkey, churned his organ. One stall had cardboard figures of various *Life* editors at which one could throw a ball and win a prize. The most popular target, which had the biggest prize, was the likeness of George Hunt, managing editor at that time.

The annual Hunt Ball, named for the same George Hunt, took place in the baroque splendor of the Plaza's grand ballroom. Staff members received formal, embossed invitations (spouses were not invited). The managing editor's secretary worked out the seating arrangements, which were kept Top Secret until the last moment. The high and mighty were mixed with the low and humble, and a variety of departments were represented at each table—lab technician, editor, photographer, reporter. "Are you the pretty girl for your table?" I was once asked. One year, as the guests ate roast beef and sipped red wine (Claire Booth Luce's table drank champagne), guitarists wandered around the tables, each of which was decorated with fresh flowers. It was all good fun, although one editor in a burst of enthusiasm poured his drink down a reporter's décolletage.

At the 1966 Hunt Ball there was even a stage show. *Life*'s editors, bewigged, bespectacled, and in outlandish mod attire, promenaded down a raised walkway into the ballroom in the best style of Miss America. Later, in skin-colored body stockings and transparent plastic dresses that the fashion editor had brought from Paris, a few female members of the staff wriggled and writhed to an ear-splitting rock band.

"Who does that girl work for?" cried Henry Luce above the din, pointing to a girl whose dancing was particularly spectacular.

"The Text Department."

"The Sex Department?" yelled Luce. "I didn't realize we had one."

Last December 21, however, the setting was the *Life* copy room on the twenty-ninth floor, where the f-f-f-WHOMP of copy shooting through pneumatic tubes once punctuated all-night closings. Layouts from the last closing were spread over tables. The year's covers were still pinned to the wall: Nina van Pallandt next to President Nixon, Baby Riddle next to Vietnam Retreat, Remember Marilyn next to Olympic Tragedy. Someone had tacked up an older *Life* piece: "A $50,000-a-year man out of a job."

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Kurt Vonnegut, who had both written for and been written about in *Life*, looked around the room. "You used to be able to make money at this," he said softly. "I used to write for *Collier's*, when *The Saturday Evening Post*. I expected mist over the cameras, but everyone is drinking and laughing."

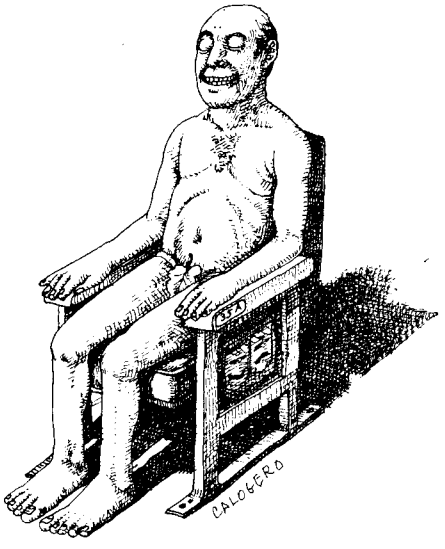
One of the heroines of the evening was a young reporter who had already been interviewed for a job by *Time*, a few floors down. "You'll have to work much harder here," she had been told, 'and you won't have as much fun."

"We worked very hard at *Life*," she retorted, "and, well, if you don't have any fun, that's your problem."

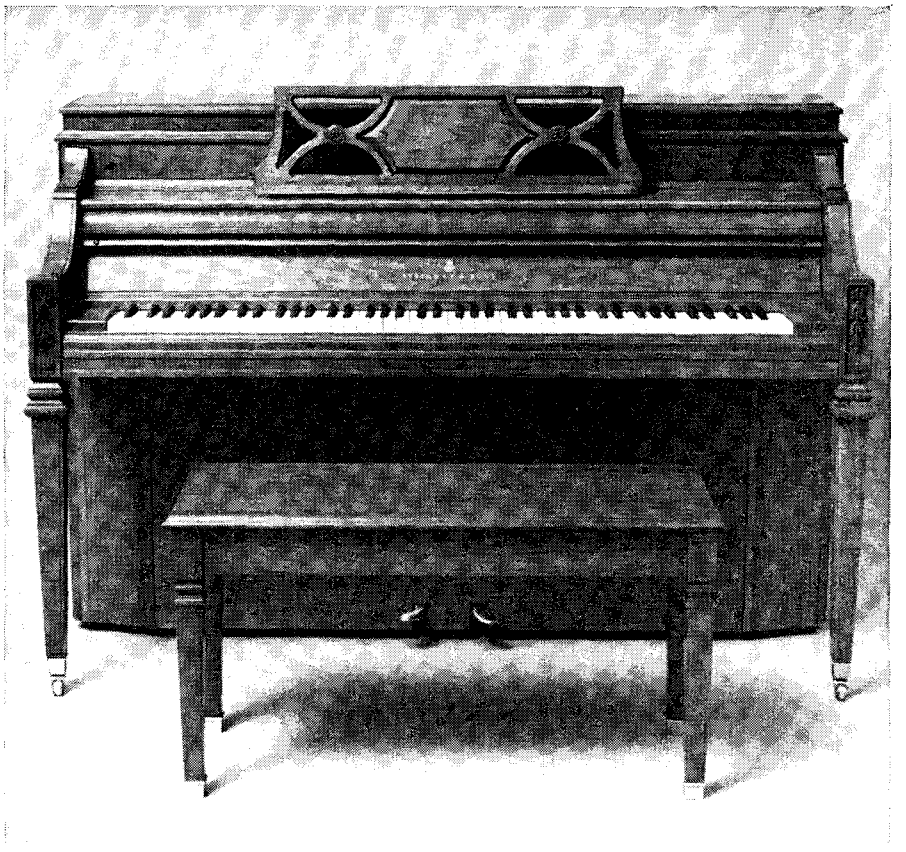
Alfred Eisenstaedt, who had photographed everyone from Goebbels to Winston Churchill, said that he was taking pictures of the party for the *Life* picture archives. Ralph Morse, who survived D-Day landings on Normandy beaches for *Life*, was back from shooting the last Apollo moon shot. Harry Benson was back from Kissinger and Paris, and George Silk from the Himalayas.

The editor-in-chief of Time Inc., Hedley Donovan, circled the room with a drink in his hand and a frozen smile on his face. Andrew Heiskell, chairman of the board, and James Shepley, Time Inc. president, didn't come at all. □

Take It All Off



L. M. Boyd's syndicated column *The Grab Bag* informs us that "your listening apparatus is not confined to your ears. Your nose bones, spine, even shoulder blades, they're all a part of it. . . . The man who goes to the symphony in a turtleneck sweater simply does not hear the same tones as the fellow who shows up in his shorts." □



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TRAVEL

The Montmartre of Athens

BY KENNETH CAVANDER

Last fall in Athens, city authorities banned cars from the old Turkish quarter called the Plaka, which crouches at the base of the Acropolis. Exhaust fumes were smothering tourists and ruins alike. But what the newspapers didn't report was that something else, perhaps as important as ruins and tourists, was being stifled by the fumes. For the Plaka has become one of those essential places, a shelter for artists and émigrés from all over the world, much as Montmartre and Greenwich Village were before they were overcome by boutiques and burlesque houses.

The Plaka begins about one block from Syntagma Square in downtown Athens, near the Royal Palace. Crossing the broad, well-paved square lined with boutiques, elegant hotels, and neon-lit cafés, you swerve round the cathedral to enter a maze of alleyways and streets that are often no more than flights of whitewashed stone steps. The Plaka is crowded with dilapidated storefronts not much wider than a man, in which you can buy *souvlakia*, rainbow-colored candies, or a cure for hemorrhoids. Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century family dwellings are nudged by bakeries from which local residents carry armfuls of warm bread every afternoon, filling the streets with a fresh doughy smell. And since the Plaka is to Athens what Soho is to London, tavernas are everywhere—in cellars, on rooftops, outdoors, and indoors.

At dawn, if you follow the slope of the land up past the north bastion of the Acropolis and bear left just beyond the Tower of the Winds, keeping the Agora on your right, you come upon one of the most stunning sights in the world—the Propylaea silhouetted against the early morning Greek sky. All other views of this gateway to the Parthenon have been photographed, drawn, and painted into banality. There is only one fresh way to see it now, only one road by which to approach it and still be amazed. And that road leads through the Plaka.

But it was not for the antiquities that the artists and writers came. Like Henry Miller and Lawrence Durrell thirty years earlier, they came to work. Or so they said. In the summer of 1963, when I was living in the Plaka, there was an American writer who would sit in the taverna for hours drinking ouzo, reciting the Abercrombie and Fitch catalogue from memory, and planning an elaborate symbolic novel. He had come to stay. He learned Greek and, unlike many others, actually finished his book. Some chapters were said to have been sent to Henry Miller, who, so the rumor went, responded with the enigmatic message, "You have so much talent it hurts."

Others, however, were only in transit; like the couple and their baby who were hitch-hiking around the world, bound for Tonga, which they had heard was the only unsullied place left on earth. He was a West Indian doctor, with a degree from Edinburgh University; she was a large, placid English girl. They had dropped their given names and called each other by affectionate baby sounds—Didi, Mumu, Gugu. He spent his days scouring the Piraeus for a friendly ship's captain who would take them on the next leg of their journey to the South Seas. The mother and baby played together in the November sunshine among the columns of the Parthenon. Then winter arrived, and the family was seen no more.

The exiles supported themselves in a variety of subterranean ways. Some earned a pittance by teaching English to Greek businessmen; others sold their paintings and sculptures. One painter discovered that his dentist would accept pictures in exchange for work on his molars; then his artistic conscience troubled him. So he offered himself instead. She filled his teeth, he filled her bed. The oddest and worst-paid job of all was to be a proofreader on the *Athens Daily News*, an English-language paper published by a Greek. It used mostly wire service copy and was composed by Greek printers who spoke no English. The proofreaders, penniless Britons and Americans, competed to find the most elephantine typographical errors and then, having found them, would leave them in. The next day both publisher and public would read that "the Greek Foreign Spinster conceived the English Ambassador yesterday," and a new set of proofreaders would be hired.

Life in the Plaka is more than an escape. It allows people to spend a period in the wilderness; it gives solace to the dispossessed, the lonely, the ones who want to turn inward and find something in themselves that the hubbub of their previous lives had drowned. Now that automobiles can no longer muscle their way through its streets, the Plaka may still provide this kind of welcome to strangers. Perhaps there will always be such places for the dreamer, the artist, or the plain exhausted and troubled; places to find sun, easy living, a new life, and a forgotten self. I hope so. Everyone should have a Plaka in his life. □

Kenneth Cavander, who was briefly a resident of the Plaka, now lives and writes in New Haven, Connecticut.

In the tavernas of the Plaka, expatriates and Greeks dance and drink ouzo.

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ETTERS

on the Wall, Mr. January

ght *on*" to Shirley Sealy's article e, Fellows, That Wasn't the Idea at ' [*SR of The Arts*, January]. Women uld be allowed male pin-up calen- s. I enjoy looking at a man's body, l I am not afraid to admit it. If I n't, there would be something wrong h my sexuality. I think the reason t so many men object is that they afraid of being in the competition t we women have faced for decades. I can say is, "You guys can sure h it out, but when you're on the tter you just can't take it!"

Mary Barry
Emmetsburg, Iowa

cording to Shirley Sealy's article, the otivation for publishing a male nude lendar was simply that men's bodies e—*or* can be—beautiful, and that men have too long been denied the ght and pleasure of openly admiring em. The tragedy is that this type of ploitation of the women's movement nfuses the real issues. Women's lib- ation in its ultimate extension is hu- an liberation. Making objects of men a giant step backwards.

Vera Cummins
Jeffersonville, Ind.

abokov Dissected

our issue on Vladimir Nabokov [*SR of he Arts*, January] not only was en- ghtening, but it was history, passion, id the education of an extraordinary an. I was deeply impressed by the rticle submitted by Joyce Carol Oates. s one reads her writings, one can feel ie words flow from a woman of wit, rilliance, and warmth. Congratulations n a truly fine issue. What better way o bring in the new year, with such an xcellent, inspiring work of art.

L. David Carden, Jr.
Sacramento, Calif.

t seemed a minor miracle to discover Vladimir Nabokov's brilliant "Inspira- ion." Finally, a master put down on paper his thoughts with regard to a subject many writers are familiar with, but which too few are willing or able o discuss—let alone give form to in print. In two pages Mr. Nabokov clari- fies enough to sustain students of lit- erature for a long time. Perhaps the more evasive English professors will now be better equipped to deal with future questions about inspiration.

Steven Osterlund
London, Ontario, Canada

As an artist of syntax, Nabokov is a genius, but as an artist of life, he is most ignorant. Reality cannot be reached by dissection. It may be that, for Nabokov, the butterfly must die and be dissected "for cool study" and that this act is "intrinsically artistic," but for Basho (1644–1694), the great- est of haiku writers, the butterfly is something more central to the human spirit:

April's air stirs in
Willow-leaves . . . a butterfly
Floats and balances.

Nabokov is useless to those who seek to understand their place in the cosmos. He is an alienated bore, to be taken seriously only by linguists.

Dr. Michael Melnick
Eatontown, N.J.

Great Art Right Under Your Nose

So Mr. Gross has to travel around the world to find bargain art? Re: "One Man's Search for Bargain Art" [*SR of The Arts*, January]. And to find un- known artists? May I give him a tip? Some of the best art being done nowa- days is in the high schools and colleges. I am a senior at Hewlett High School. In my view, our art students have con- tributed paintings that equal, if not surpass, those shown in the article.

Martha L. Sokol
Woodmere, New York

Andrew . . . Who?

Ignorance of all things southern is ob- viously a point of pride to most people not born in the states of the Confed- eracy, but I am surprised that Janet Elliott Cameron would go so far as to give a false clue in a "Double-Crostic" [*SR of The Arts*, January] just to prove that she is above any interest in such an abysmal region. Besides, the two men she has confused, although Ten- nesseans, were also Presidents of the United States. That ought to count for something.

Ida Calhoun Burritt
Florence, Ala.

Of course it was Andrew Jackson who was nicknamed Old Hickory—not An- drew Johnson. —THE EDITORS

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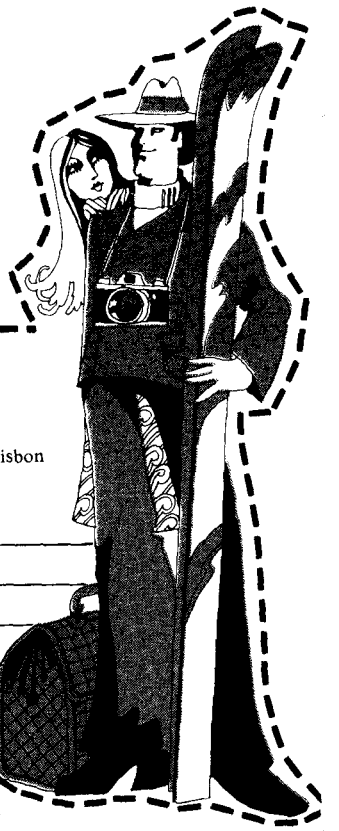

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EDITORIAL

It's Realistic, But Is It Art?

One of the most discussed issues in the art world today is the artist's responsibility to society. Should the writer, painter, playwright take an active political stance in his or her work? In the guest editorial that follows, Les Levine, a well-known avant-garde artist, confronts this question, which has been debated several times on this page during the last twelve months. Like Vito Acconci, whose work is described in this issue, Levine is a "conceptual" artist; one of Levine's most celebrated "works" of the 1960s consisted of his removing from a vacant lot sheets of plastic. Now Levine has introduced political content into his art; some critics are contemptuous, others are impressed, most are puzzled. We decided to ask him to explain his intentions.

The Troubles: An Artist's Document of Ulster is a multi-media exhibition that I put together at Finch College Museum of Art with the help of my friends. It seems to be raising quite a few questions about accepted notions of art and its uses. Some have called *The Troubles* "important," "significant," and even "searing." Others have asked, "Is it art?" At the opening a girl said, "It's too real to be art."

The exhibition, the result of a month's stay in Ulster, is divided into five parts:

1. "The People"—a room filled with captioned photo blow-ups, separated from the viewer by a tangle of barbed-wire barricades. Both sides of the struggle are shown.

2. "Their Culture"—a gallery devoted to revolutionary folk art, some of it made by prisoners in internment camps, recordings of Irish Republican Army songs and Protestant battle cries, photographs of life in Belfast, and slide projections of ordinary houses.

3. "Papers and Documents"—a room equipped with newsclippings, taped interviews, books, etc., representing the views of ordinary and extremist Catholics, Protestants, and British Army personnel, as well as providing scientific definitions of weapons and devices being used in Ulster.

4. "High-Noise Torture Chamber"—a darkened room filled with the same kind of noise used in interrogation chambers in Ulster. This noise was composed according to existing scientifically worked-out formulas for breaking the will of prisoners. It is calculated to isolate them from communication. The brain is dependent on receiving a steady stream of discrete, varying messages from outside. When this stream of sights and sounds becomes a flood of undifferentiated sensation, an artificial psychosis or episode of insanity may occur. For some the result has been permanent brain damage.

5. A fifty-minute color film—on the strife in Ulster, its origins, its protagonists, its hopes, and its victims.

When an artist is asked why he does what he does, he is dumfounded because he thinks he's already answered that question by doing what he does. He sees the question as a penalty and tries to imagine what rule he has broken so that he can prove himself innocent. Using logical references to previous art, it may be difficult to accept *The Troubles*. However, logic is not a fair exchange for understanding. In order to understand *The Troubles*, we have to understand what art has become.

For some time I have felt that art has not been going anywhere, except home to bed with itself. Conceptual art (art that exists as ideas rather than objects) was not only important, but totally necessary to re-examine an art world that had lost its way in the boom of the late Sixties.

Before going to Ireland to do *The Troubles*, I realized that it was necessary for art to redevelop a viable content. In the past, the cry from the uninitiated public was, "Is it art?" The same cry could now be heard from many so-called committed art viewers. In the same way that art was losing its potency, so was criticism. Critics virtually rejected most of this conceptual art as a joke. The public, left out in the period of abstract expressionism and brought in during the early days of pop art, was thrown out again.

The main problem with conceptual art was that anybody could make it, and everybody did. It seemed as though the artist had lost his position in society. The public didn't know what it wanted from its artists. The artists weren't sure they wanted the public around. And the critics were confused. Some almost became artists.

I have for many years concerned myself with the systems of art as they relate to society in general, that is to say, with the questions of the sociological value of art, and art's real service to society. In doing *The Troubles*, the question I was forced to ask myself was, "Are the social and political problems of a society a valid medium fo art?" The answer was, "Yes, of course.' If art is to mean anything to society it is the duty of the artist to employ his sensibilities in interpreting existing social systems.

The show, which is a result of this attitude, puts art in line with the social conditions. Art becomes a sociological tool. It begins with the rea problems of the world, instead of running around after its own tail in a mystical circle.

Saying that the show is not art because it uses photo-journalism in part is the same as saying some abstract paintings are not art because they rely on house painting techniques. Or that sculpture is not art because it incorporates welding techniques used in boiler making.

In my case, the media are my materials. I am interested in using media to effect change and understanding of our environment; I want to consider media as a natural resource and to mold media the way others would mold matter. In that sense, my new work could be considered media sculpture. If media change man, then man must change media.

Advanced art, given the new definition I'm proposing, now reads out as social software: knowledge and perceptions that understand and refer to realities in the environment that make us behave in the way we do. It is the artist's job to show us the shape of what we've got and how it works. Another job is to create new channels of language (visual, sensory, and intellectual) that can help us deal with and initiate changes.

Art is not life and life is not art. But good art always exposes *something* about life, and if art tells us nothing about life, then what the hell are human beings doing wasting their time with art anyway?

The problem we are facing at the moment is this: is art a suitable vehicle for assessing or understanding our culture? The answer for the moment is no. The public is no longer willing to consider seriously an art that is constantly talking about itself and to itself. Can art grow up and develop serious and necessary content? My guess is that we have bottomed out on art for art's sake, but that only the most concerned and committed artists will have the stamina to survive the pains of this rebirth. The rest will be left standing around mumbling, "I want my crayons."

LES LEVINE

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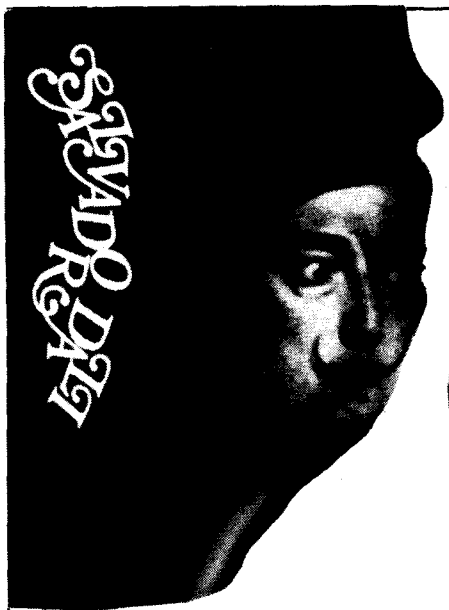

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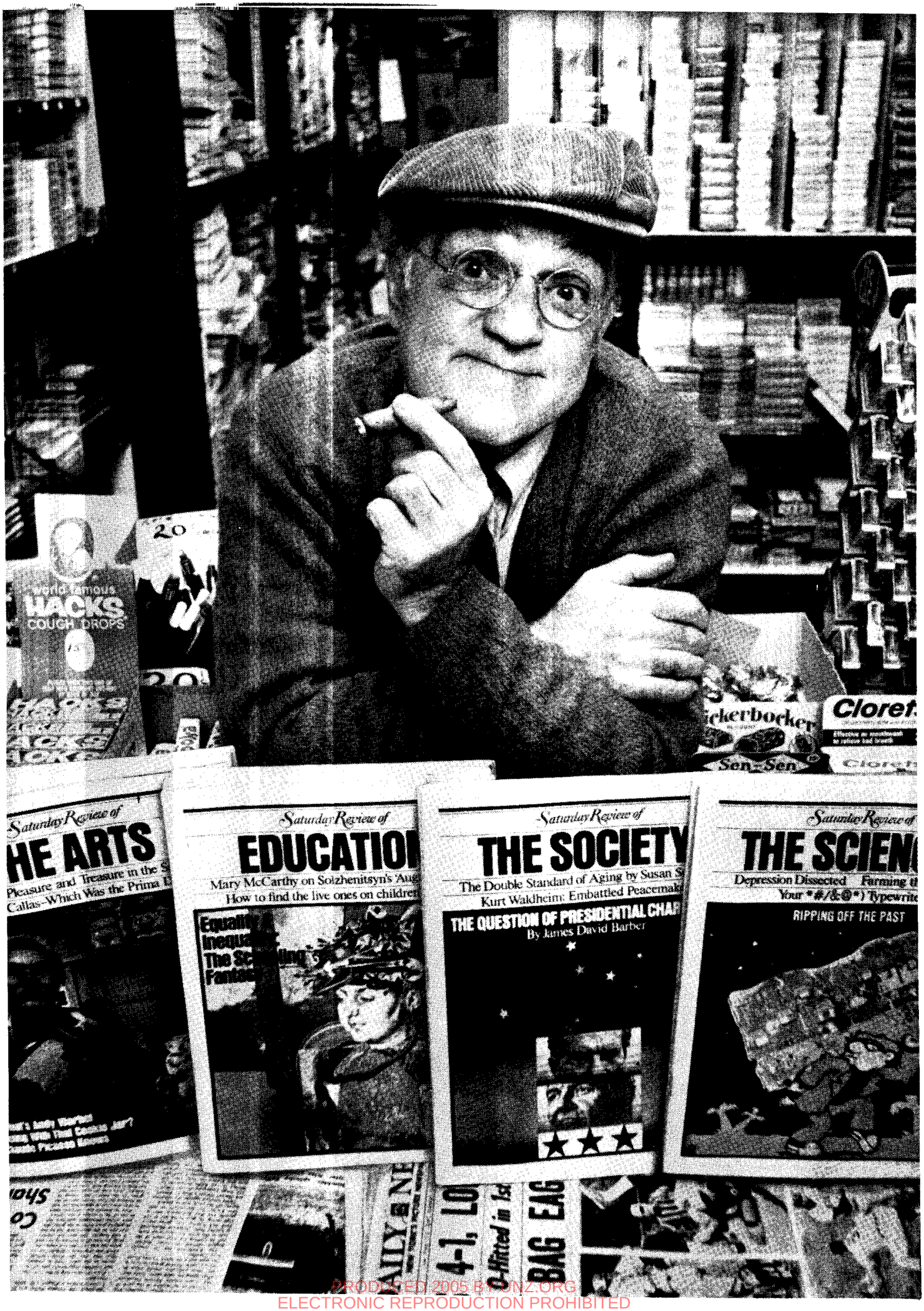

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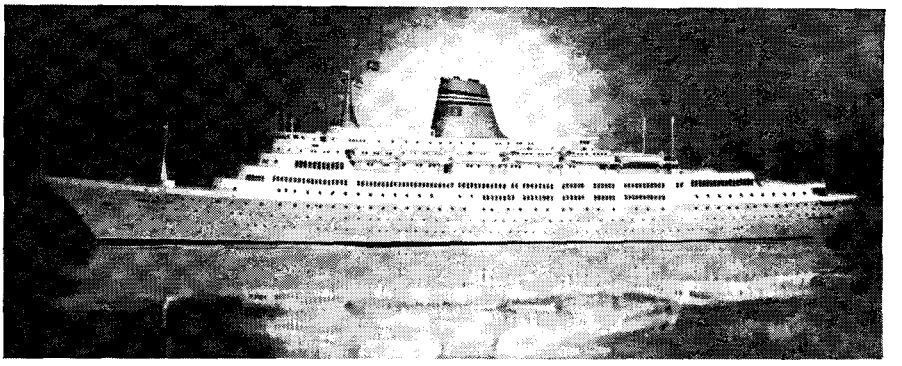

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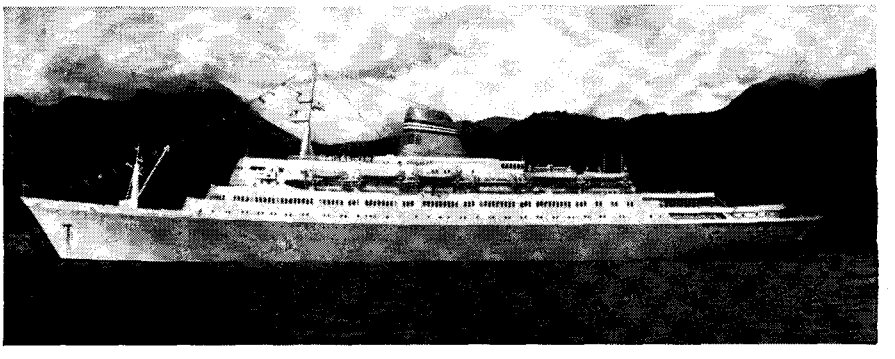

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Transcending racist trash: a legacy of

THE FIRST BLACK MOVIE STARS

BY DONALD BOGLE

Black film actors of the past seem to be a part of our cultural heritage that everyone wants to forget. We prefer to believe that black film history in America begins with Sidney Poitier and with our Sweetbacks, our Shafts, our Super Flys. Everything preceding them, we have been led to believe, is meaningless and beside the point. And so we see on a waste heap the likes of Stepin Fetchit and Rochester and Hattie McDaniel and Louise Beavers, the black film actors of yesteryear who worked successfully and often spectacularly in American movies. If they are spoken of at all anymore, they are often labeled Toms and mammies who sold out.

But it was these actors who started a great black tradition in American movies. No matter how much they were exploited in films, most of them accomplished the almost impossible: they proved that the demeaning stereotypes they were forced to play could become individuals, and could be made, if not beautiful, at least joyful.

For the black actor in American movies, no decade was quite as important as the 1930s. Until that time, the black characters in films were generally played by white actors, faces darkened by burnt cork. With the release of the "all-colored" musicals *Hearts in Dixie* and *Hallelujah* in 1929, audiences saw real black performers portraying themselves. Finally, in the 1930s the screen was filled with talented bright black faces: high steppin' Stepin Fetchit, Bill "Bojangles" Robinson, Mantan Moreland, Willie "Sleep 'n' Eat" Best, Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, Louise Beavers, Rex Ingram, Hi-Hat Hattie McDaniel, Clarence Muse, Butterfly McQueen, Louis Armstrong, Fredi Washington, and Paul Robeson. In this Depression period Hollywood had found a place for the "Negro"—in the kitchen, the laundry room, and the pantry. And thus was born the Age of the Comic Negro Servant in American films.

In most respects the black servants of the Hollywood films of the 1930s met the demands of their times just as omnipotent buck heroes in *Super Fly* and *Trouble Man* answer the needs and fantasies of audiences today (while, incidentally, still making money for white producers). With their incredible antics, their unbelievable dialects, and their amazing absurdities, the black performers provided a down-hearted Depression age with some much-needed jocularity. Not only the joy and zest of the servants but their loyalty, too, demonstrated that nothing in life was ever completely hopeless. The maids and butlers were always around when they were needed; they were forever ready to lend a hand when times were tough.

Unlike the current crop of performers, black actors of the Thirties never played "hip" characters. They could not pump a white villain full of bullets and have an audience cheer them. Nor could they be real human beings, like the family in *Sounder*. Instead they had to kowtow and blatantly, shamelessly demean themselves. Seldom did a script give a black actor even a modicum of dignity. Rarely did sympathetic directors guide them. The black actor of the past was compelled to rely on his own ingenuity to create distinct, memorable characters. That he did, and that he did superbly.

After World War II a new social consciousness demanded a new depiction of the American black man. The genre known as "the problem picture," treating racial discrimination and bigotry, came into fashion. In *Home of the Brave*, *Lost Boundaries*, *Pinky*, and *Intruder in the Dust*, the blacks were no longer comic characters but social symbols. These films led the way to the sober Sidney Poitier dramas of the 1950s. The change in the depiction of blacks may have been inevitable. We realize now that it was also superficial—merely the old stereotypes dressed up to look new. But at the time it was considered startling.

There was no longer a place in Hollywood for the pioneers. Even on the rare occasions when they were used, they seemed drained of their energies. No doubt they realized they had become social embarrassments.

Looking at those performers today, no one in his right mind would want the kind of stereotyped characters that they portrayed to come back. We know that the *content* of all their past roles was trash, and racist trash at that. But many performers, and four in particular—Stepin Fetchit, Bill Robinson, Hattie McDaniel, and Paul Robeson—reveal the ways in which style and talent can transform trash into art or something closely approaching it.

Donald Bogle is the author of the forthcoming book, Toms, Coons, Mulattoes, Mammies, and Bucks: An Interpretive History of Blacks in American Films, *from which this article has been adapted.*

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STEPIN FETCHIT

A great comic, master of stylization and the flamboyant pose

The lanky, slow-witted, simple-minded characters whom Stepin Fetchit played so brilliantly made him the first black to get feature billing. In his first important appearance, the all-black musical *Hearts in Dixie,* Fetchit proved so good that the film, originally conceived as a short, was expanded to showcase his talents. He went on to play in dozens of movies, often working on as many as four at a time.

Contrary to opinion today, Stepin Fetchit did not play a placid Tom. A Tom is a good, submissive, basically respectable black man. Rather, Stepin Fetchit's characters were coons, those lazy, forever-in-hot-water, natural-born-comedian Negroes. Fetchit became the archcoon, introducing to the screen a repertoire of antics and flamboyant poses that younger black comedians have used ever since.

Perhaps the most typical of the Fetchit features were the four in which he costarred with Will Rogers: *David Harum, County Chairman,* and two directed by John Ford, *Judge Priest* (above), and *Steamboat Round the Bend.* Rogers and Fetchit were the leading pair of numerous master-servant teams in the movies of the 1930s. Between them there is mutual affection and good will, but it is always evident that the white man is the boss and the black, his faithful lackey. Often Fetchit is racially degraded. In *David Harum* he is traded to Will Rogers along with a horse in a shady deal. In *Judge Priest* he is pushed and yelled at by Rogers, and in one outrageous scene he leads a street parade, dressed ridiculously in a top hat and a fur coat. But he triumphs: stepping high and caring less, Fetchit is a marvelous one-man carnival.

The self-demeaning, clownish showoffs Fetchit portrayed finally alienated black audiences. Whites had already accepted him as a representative of the American Negro, but black audiences knew better, and civil rights advocates were quick to criticize him. Eventually, even Fetchit himself showed signs of disillusionment with his coon characters, and the quality of his work declined. Stepin Fetchit, who now lives in Chicago, seems content to have left Hollywood in 1939.

When Fetchit's work is viewed today, the subtleties of his performances are more than apparent. As he stands with head hanging and eyes half-closed, not responding to an insult, Stepin Fetchit removes his characters from the real world of petty injustices and racist inhumanities and shows them withdrawing into their self-protective shells. For years such withdrawal was the only way black Americans managed to survive.

There is about him, too, a sad, much-maligned, whining quality. Though he is a great comic, he seems bruised; his withdrawal indicates an overriding, often excruciating nihilism. This nihilistic aspect might explain in part his popularity in a disillusioned age. Yet it could not save him.

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BILL ROBINSON

The Dancer: congenial, confident, and very, very cool

Bill "Bojangles" Robinson's career took an upward swing just as Stepin Fetchit's was coming to an end. Robinson is remembered today as the right-hand man to little Miss Curlytop herself, Shirley Temple. The two were teamed together in four pictures: *The Littlest Rebel* (above), *The Little Colonel*, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm*, and *Just Around the Corner*. In the 1930s they must have been subconsciously regarded as the screen's ideal interracial pair, for nothing could come of their love for each other.

Their biggest hit together was *The Littlest Rebel*, an Old South drama. Shirley lives on a large plantation with her fair-haired mother and stalwart, handsome father. The legendary moppet's chief delight is to see her favorite slave, dear old Uncle Billy, dance, and Uncle Billy, played by Bojangles, enthusiastically complies.

Then Yankees invade the South, her mother dies, and her Confederate father is captured and hauled off to a Yankee prison camp. Uncle Billy becomes her guardian and companion, and his dancing ability again proves useful. Determined to finance a trip north for Shirley to visit her father, Uncle Billy decides to tap up the deficit. Near a railroad station he dances and Shirley plays the banjo, while another servant passes the cap. They earn their fare to Washington, where they visit President Lincoln and obtain the release of Shirley's father.

Bill Robinson's performance here, as in most of his other films, is rather superficial and monotonous. Indeed, he recites most of his lines as if he is reading them from a blackboard. Audiences in the 1930s could not have cared less about what he had to say, for Robinson's greatest talent was as a dancer. His sense of rhythm, his physical dexterity, and his easygoing naturalness combined to convey an air of optimism and sheer joy.

The significance of a Bill Robinson performance was in what he came to represent. His work in *The Littlest Rebel* was successful because he provided a reassuring framework for the film. Shirley Temple fans, forever anxious because of the plight and perils of their favorite heroine, could rest at ease as soon as Bojangles's name flashed in the credits, for if everyone else in the movie lost his head, Bill would be sure to keep his.

Although Bill Robinson's characters were the familiar, contented Toms, he distinguished them by his congenial, confident, and very, very *cool* manner. These qualities perhaps explain why there were few complaints from civil rights groups about him. Robinson's characters were all part of the humanized servant tradition, humanization being nothing more than a softening and refinement of black characters. The humanized servants brought black dignity to the movies.

Robinson last appeared opposite Lena Horne in *Stormy Weather*. He died in 1949.

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HATTIE McDANIEL

A rebellious spirit, one of the screen's first strong black women

The late Hattie McDaniel was the one black performer of the 1930s whose film characters took a stand against the dominant white culture and did pretty much as they pleased. A powerfully built woman weighing well over 200 pounds, Hattie McDaniel played time and time again the fussy, boisterous, big-bosomed maid. With her fiercely and distinctively American aggressiveness and her stupendous voice, she created rich, dazzling characterizations. Audiences of the period responded to her excessive showmanship, her effrontery, and her audacity.

McDaniel revealed her rebellious spirit from the very beginning of her career. In *Judge Priest* she belts out commands to the lazy Stepin Fetchit. In *Alice Adams*, as a maid hired for the evening by the lower-class Adams family, she feels that *she* is condescending by waiting on *them*, and through her lethargic entrances and exits and her grunts and groans, she emphatically expresses her feelings.

As the maid to Jean Harlow in *Saratoga*, to Barbara Stanwyck in *The Mad Miss Manton*, and to Vivien Leigh in *Gone With the Wind* (above), McDaniel emerges as more than just a cantankerous domestic. Now she becomes a formidable, domineering mother surrogate. Always quick to note her mistresses' quirks and kinks, she is their adviser and protectress. In *The Mad Miss Manton* Hattie, who is cast as Barbara Stanwyck's maid Hilda, openly expresses her annoyance with her mistress's young socialite girl friends. She orders them about, criticizes their beaux, dissects their schoolgirl chatter, and corrects their bad manners. Just talking back was a triumph of sorts for a black character; Hattie McDaniel was doing what every black maid in America must have wanted to do.

Hattie McDaniel's greatest performance was as Mammy, the faithful but iron-willed maid in *Gone With the Wind*. Like earlier film slaves, McDaniel's character is motivated almost solely out of concern for the master's family, but her Mammy feels she is indeed an integral part of that family. Between her and Scarlett there is a complex mother-daughter relationship like those that actually existed in the Old South but that were glossed over or treated condescendingly in other films. Through the force of McDaniel's characterization, Mammy breaks free of the heaviest burden that slavery—on screen and off—imposed on blacks: a sense of innate inferiority.

McDaniel was one of the screen's first genuinely strong, really tough black women. Ethel Waters was to refine the character further in *Pinky* and *A Member of the Wedding*, and Claudia McNeil brought it to new life in *A Raisin in the Sun*. For *Gone With the Wind*, Hattie McDaniel became the first black to win an Oscar, in 1939, as best supporting actress. One of the few black performers of the Thirties to work throughout the Forties, she died in Hollywood in 1952.

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PAUL ROBESON

Made for heroic roles—all heart, all guts, all defiance and fury

Paul Robeson is one of the greatest American actors. As a student at Rutgers University, in New Brunswick, New Jersey, Robeson had distinguished himself as an honor student and as an All-American end. On the stage he won acclaim for his roles in *The Emperor Jones*, *All God's Chillun Got Wings*, and *Othello*. It was only when he spoke out against racial discrimination that he ran into difficulties.

Robeson was the only American black star of the 1930s to work in foreign pictures, in which he thought he could escape type-casting. The foreign movies, however, like his Hollywood feature films (*Show Boat* and *Tales of Manhattan* among others), seldom met with his approval. Robeson accepted a picture always with the hope that it would "elevate" the state of his people; after completing a role, he would discover that, if anything, his talents had been exploited.

In most of his English films—*Sanders of the River*, *Song of Freedom*, *The Proud Valley*, and *King Solomon's Mines* (above, with Anna Lee)—Robeson is cast as the white man's friend, but these roles are really nothing but the black servant in disguise, and the white man is little more than the old massa figure. In *King Solomon's Mines* Robeson plays an African chieftain who aids a white man in his search for a fabled treasure. In *The Proud Valley* he is a heroic coal miner who sacrifices his life so that his white "brothers" may live. Even in *Song of Freedom* the character Robeson plays is the epitome of middle-class sobriety, who returns to Africa and uses his British manners and mores to "civilize" the savage natives. However, Robeson himself is impressive. His eyes gleam, his smile is brilliant and infectious. With his great size he seems made for heroic roles. Robeson is all heart or all guts or all bombast or all passion or all fury.

Robeson's greatest contribution to black film history—and the aspect of his work that most disturbed white American moviegoers—is his proudly defiant portrait of the black man in *The Emperor Jones*, his best-known film. Robeson portrays Brutus Jones, a black man who refuses to be subservient. An arrogant, strong-willed braggart, he rises from Pullman porter to autocrat. In one particularly effective scene on a railroad car Robeson goes through the stock "Yes, sirs" and "No, sirs" with his white employers, but he is so full of energy and self-mockery that his behavior is not at all self-demeaning. Later, when he mocks his white employer for the benefit of his black woman, Robeson epitomizes a black man asserting himself, consciously cutting the Man down to size.

Today, as we sit in theaters and watch Jim Brown or James Earl Jones or Poitier walking tall with eyes straight forward, we think of the young Robeson. Now seventy-four and an invalid, he, too, must know that his influence on other black actors has been incalculable. □

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AN ECCENTRIC BODY OF ART

Vito Acconci's output raises some doubt about the form in which he works, to say nothing of his own survival.

BY DAVID BOURDON

On the evening of October 7, 1969, Vito Hannibal Acconci was standing on the corner of 14th Street and Broadway when he spotted a man in a tan jacket. He shadowed the stranger for three hours, and later reported the man's movements, FBI-style, in an information sheet: "At 7:28, he entered the Italian Kitchen, 124 East 14th Street. . . . At 8:10, he entered the Academy of Music movie theater, 126 East 14th Street. . . . At 10:05, [he] left the theater, after seeing only parts of both movies; he walked east on 14th Street. . . . At 10:23, he entered a building, 534 East 14th Street, between Avenue A and Avenue B."

What was the point of this activity? Acconci, New York poet-critic-artist, had determined to do a three-week-long series of "following pieces." Each day he would choose a person at random on the street and follow him wherever he went, no matter how long or far, until that person entered a private place. The next month Acconci mailed out typewritten reports on different day's outings to about two dozen figures in the New York art world. I received the one quoted above, which was inscribed "Private piece for David Bourdon."

My reaction, aside from feeling intensely flattered that anyone would dedicate an art work to me, was mild rage at what I took to be Acconci's gratuitous cruelty. My sympathies were entirely with his "victim" who, in addition to a solitary meal in a spaghetti parlor and a couple of dumb movies, surely had enough to worry about in getting to that apartment on a wild edge of the Lower East Side without being trailed by one of New York's most hirsute and malevolent-looking artists.

Acconci has mounted more bizarre performances. During an entire month in 1971 he waited each night at the far end of a pier from 1 to 2 a.m., having promised to reveal to anyone who cared to meet him there something that he would normally keep concealed. During certain months in 1970 he invited people to visit his apartment daily at 8 a.m. to watch him step up and down on an eighteen-inch-high stool until he exhausted himself. In the relatively formal confines of a theater he sat on stage and stared at each member of the audience—from left to right, front to back—for fifteen seconds. In the informal ambience of a museum exhibition he sporadically performed a piece in which he sidled up to spectators and stood uncomfortably close to them until they moved away.

Like the work of many of today's artists, Acconci's art is so immaterial and impermanent that it is known largely through documentary photographs. A great many of these photographs show Acconci in the buff, and most viewers are quick to realize that he is no Adonis. His physique is wiry, yet paunchy, practically smothered in body hair, and fiercely pimpled on the backside. Yet there he is, sitting cross-legged, methodically biting his palm, arm, shoulder, thigh, and calf. He may look like a moulting chimpanzee, but he's doing what sculptors have always endeavored to do (though not usually with their teeth), and that is to leave a clear mark. There are additional photographs of him burning the hair off his chest and pulling the bared flesh out in imitation of female breasts. And then there are videotapes of him performing "sex-change" exercises, with his penis hidden between his legs ostensibly in an effort to learn how to move as a female.

People who are not *au courant* with recent developments in contemporary art might think Acconci belongs in a padded cell. But he is, of course, one of the major bodies in a new art movement known as "body art"—though his work has also been called "conceptual performance" and "theatrical conceptualism." His art activities have been scrupulously chronicled in most of the major art magazines, and he has been invited to exhibit himself all over the United States and in Europe.

In addition to Acconci, the school of "body art" boasts a few other principal figures. There is Bruce Nauman, who has made numerous videotapes of himself in his studio, performing such exercises as walking backwards, bouncing in a corner, and spreading his lips with his fingers. Then there is Dennis Oppenheim, who stretched out on Jones Beach to be photographed in color with an open book spread across his bare chest; five hours later he was rephotographed, this time without the book but with a second-degree sunburn surrounding the white rectangle where the book had been. Finally, there is Terry Fox, who once drew a circle with his own blood on a dirt-covered floor—then reclined on his back in the middle

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of the circle, clutching various tubes filled with blood, urine, milk, and water. He lay there for six hours—trying to levitate. Since the room was locked, we will never know whether he succeeded.

The primary source of information on this new trend is the New York quarterly, *Avalanche*, which devotes its entire current issue to Acconci. Flipping through the pages of *Avalanche*, readers will find an unsettling number of photographs of artists making faces, trussing their tongues, and hurling their bodies into walls.

Willoughby Sharp, the publisher of *Avalanche* and the keenest observer of the new trend, as well as its most assiduous promoter, explains that "body works are yet another move away from object sculpture" and that "the artist's body becomes both the subject and the object of the work." He goes on to say: "It is not surprising that under the present repressive socio-economic situation young artists have turned to their most readily available source, themselves, for sculptural material with almost unlimited potential, capable of doing exactly what the artist wants, without the obduracy of inanimate matter." It was my impression that artists have always been afflicted by repressive socio-economic situations, but consider what Michelangelo and Brancusi might have accomplished if they hadn't wasted so much time on all that tough marble.

"Strictly speaking," Sharp says, "it is impossible to use the body as an **object**. The only case in which a body approaches the status of an object is when it becomes a corpse. Nevertheless, several artists have proposed works that utilize cadavers while others have presented their own bodies as if they were dead."

Suspecting this might be the first art movement to be of more consequence to coroners than to art historians, I decided to interview Acconci to see whether he was, well, still breathing.

I found him in his apartment, a sixth-floor walk-up off Christopher Street in Greenwich Village. He greeted me amiably at the door and led me through the narrow kitchen, which was piled high with empty film reels and spray cans of fixative and glue. He told me to make myself comfortable in the living room, which was rather sparsely furnished—a mattress in one corner, a pair of black step-stools, and an open dictionary (*Webster's Third New International*) spread-eagled face down on the floor.

He talked willingly about himself and his art, slowly and emphatically enunciating his words in a harsh Bronx accent. He was born in the Bronx in 1940, studied writing at the University of Iowa, and published short stories and poems in several of the little magazines. He palled around with that amorphous group known as the New York School of Poets and, like so many of those poets, wrote short art reviews for *Art News* for a couple of years. The decisive shift in his work, from poetry to performance, occurred during a marathon group poetry reading at Robert Rauschenberg's loft in the late 1960s, when Acconci was asked to contribute "a kind of poetry/event."

"But isn't it true," I snapped in my best Meet-the-Press style, "that your mother is ashamed of some of the things you've been doing?"

"I can't show my mother anything," Acconci blurted. The last thing he had shown her was the issue of *Arts Magazine* with a cover story on him. (The original cover showed his bare torso from his hairy chest to the top of his pubes; in between, his fingers poised to crush a cockroach against his belly. After the cover had been engraved some staff members feared the offensive image might deter swank galleries from advertising their Corots and Renoirs. As a result, most of the cover was blacked out and the only thing readers saw was a postage-stamp-size image

"Color is locomotion across a boundary." That is Acconci's explanation of his 1970 creation for the Art Institute of Chicago in which an assistant with heavily made-up lips imprints crimson kiss marks on the artist's torso.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DON SNYDER

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of Acconci's fingertips with the insect.) Acconci's mother didn't mind the cover, but she was greatly upset by the reference to his "sex-change" piece, fearing that he might be homosexual.

"She has the magazine hidden under a pile of clothes in a trunk," Acconci said. "She was much happier when I was writing poetry. Then she could have books out on the table."

Acconci explained that his chief goal was to establish a dynamic interaction between himself and spectators. For the potential viewer of an Acconci piece, however, this interaction can sometimes be a bit perilous. In *Claim*, performed at Willoughby Sharp's loft in 1971, Acconci sat blindfolded in a chair at the foot of the basement stairs, equipped with two lead pipes and a crowbar. Hypnotizing himself into a state of "possession obsession," he threatened to bash anyone who dared to slip past him in the narrow passageway. Upstairs, on the street level of the loft, a video monitor, showing him live, was placed next to the door leading to the basement. The video monitor, he said, acted "as an informational and, more important, a warning device to people. They could see and hear me, and from that they could decide whether they wanted to open the door and go down to the basement.

"I was talking to myself, saying, 'I'm all alone here in the basement, and I don't want anybody to be here with me. If anybody comes down, I'll try to keep them out.' And when I heard people come down, I would swing with the crowbar."

Did anyone succeed in getting past him? "Oh, no," he chuckled. "It would have been impossible. If I had hit someone during the first hour, I'm sure I would have stopped, incredibly shocked. But by the third hour, if I had hit flesh, that would have been the sign that this is where I have to keep hitting. One of the things I realized I was saying a lot around the third hour was a constant repetitive: 'I'll kill you, I'll kill you, I'll kill you.' I developed a real devotion to this abstract principle of exclusion."

Acconci's most perverse encounter with spectators took place in *Seedbed*, which he performed under a sealed wooden ramp in an otherwise empty room of the Sonnabend Gallery in January 1972. The aim of the piece, as explained in hand-lettered wall posters, was to activate the room " by my presence underground . . . by my movement from point to point under the ramp." The goal was "the scattering of seed throughout the underground area" by means of "private sexual activity," aided by the sound of spectators' footsteps on the ramp. "In my seclusion," the last poster read, "I can have private images of them, talk to myself about them: my fantasies about them can excite me, enthuse me to sustain—to resume—my private sexual activity. (The seed 'planted' on the floor, then, is a joint result of my performance and theirs.)"

Acconci and accomplice re-enact a performance given at Finch College in October 1971. Communicating from separate rooms via video monitor, Acconci convinces the girl to wrap fifty yards of rope round and round her body until she is completely imprisoned. Acconci claims that the act of persuasion is twofold. "I am talking to myself as much as her."

Visually, the piece was not much to look at: a 25-by-18-foot ramp rose from floor level to a height of two feet, where it met the wall. "What I wanted," Acconci explained, "was a way that my presence could affect a space into and out of which people passed. I saw myself as a kind of undercurrent to whoever was there. One physical way of achieving this was to be under the floor. The ramp was the only functional way to do this."

Seedbed may have been visually drab, but it was quite an earful. Twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when Acconci locked himself under the platform, he carried a microphone and broadcast his obscene ravings in every nuance of polymorphous perversity. One critic, who claims to have fled in horror, complained prudishly that some people actually seemed to be listening. I not only listened but also stomped across the ramp a few times, which produced whimpering pleas of: "Oh, step on me, step on me harder."

As a body artist, Acconci had surely reached a drastic conclusion, for there is no speedier way to objectify one's self than to treat one's own body as a sex object.

The real brilliance of Acconci's *Seedbed*, however, was the way in which it implicated any spectator who came into the gallery. Merely to enter the gallery was to become an accomplice to Acconci's fantasies, to be partially responsible for all those erotic mumblings and moans.

Obviously, body art is trying to tell us something about the current state of the art world. Esthetically, it seems to me, the movement doesn't add up to very much. But sociologically, I suspect, it is of dire importance. The frequent morbidity and masochism of body works indicate a repudiation of certain values that dominated the art world until a few years ago. Body art is so antiestablishmentarian that philanthropists and socialites don't even bother to invite body artists to dinner.

Acconci, like most other body artists, does not expect to be richly rewarded for his work. But even he was startled when he returned home last summer, after a successful tour of Europe, with only $4 in his pocket. Currently he subsists on a monthly stipend of $400 from the Sonnabend Gallery. The only thing he has for sale are 30-by-40-inch collages (combining photographs, text, and diagrams) that sell, but not too frequently, in the $1,000 range. The collages are documentary, after-the-fact works, cumbersome visual records of activities that are themselves considered to be the primary art works; why anyone would buy them mystifies me.

Nevertheless, Acconci is loaded with plans for the future. "The question," he said, "is how to deal with a certain space and how to apply myself to a space. So as long as there are different kinds of spaces and different kinds of possible relations and connections, I obviously can go on."

As I prepared to leave, Acconci was still talking about the various ways in which he had treated space. As an aggressive agent, he had interfered with other people's space. But in his "following pieces," he had been "on the receiving end, where my space was being controlled by another person.

"That following piece varied from six-minute episodes, when someone would get into a car and I couldn't follow, to four- and five-hour episodes, when someone went to a movie or restaurant."

I reminded him that the following piece he had dedicated to me included a restaurant and a double feature.

"Oh, you got the best one!" he said gleefully.

Why was that?

"Because one of the movies had Carroll Baker in it and was called *Paranoia*!" □

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Ferdinand Hodler

A modern master has been rediscovered.

BY PETER SELZ

Harry Lime was wrong: Switzerland produced more than the cuckoo clock. Certainly a number of the leading artists of the modern world have been Swiss—at least in origin. But Henry Fuseli went to England, Paul Klee spent most of his life in Germany, and Le Corbusier and Alberto Giacometti lived in Paris. Only Ferdinand Hodler (1853–1918) remained, and his large and impressive output has also stayed largely in Swiss public and private collections; that is undoubtedly one reason for his relative obscurity during the last half-century. Hodler may well be the last of the major European artists active at the turn of the century to be introduced in the United States.

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In his own time Hodler was greatly celebrated in France, Germany, and Austria as well as Switzerland. He knew Puvis de Chavannes, Rodin, and Degas in Paris, and he was greatly acclaimed by Gustav Klimt and the Secessionists in Vienna. Hodler's work also exercised an important influence on later generations of painters, among them Egon Schiele, Emil Nolde, and Alexei von Jawlensky.

Hodler came from the poverty-stricken Swiss proletariat—his father was an impecunious carpenter—but was able to tap extraordinary inner resources and energies to overcome the inertia of his birth and upbringing. As a child in and around Bern, he saw his parents and almost all his brothers and

Eiger, Monch, and Jungfrau in Moonlight (1908): the magic of a mountain night.

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sisters die of tuberculosis, that great killer of the nineteenth-century working class. For several years Hodler labored as an apprentice to a painter who did mountain views for the tourist trade on Lake Thun. Then, at nineteen, he walked to Geneva without money, without education, with only the slightest knowledge of French, without even a friend to greet him at his destination. But somehow he knew that only there, in an urban environment of considerable culture, would it be possible for him to realize himself as an artist, just as his contemporary Vincent van Gogh had to leave his native Holland and the Belgian coal mines to go to Paris.

The young Swiss was to live in Geneva for the rest of his life. His success came slowly, but in the 1890s his remarkable symbolic painting, *Night*, was exhibited from Paris to Munich to Venice, receiving high critical acclaim and gold medals. Over the next four and a half decades he was to paint many compositions with allegorical titles such as *Day*, *Truth*, *Love*, *The Disillusioned*, *Eurythmy*, *The Chosen Vessel*, and *View Into Eternity*.

These ambitious themes called for large, mural-like paintings, and Hodler can now be seen as the first artist who worked on a monumental scale in a twentieth-century style. Today we see these paintings, which were once deprecated as overstated in their rhetorical gestures, as part of the Symbolist desire to use color, form, and line (in poetry, sounds, words, and meter) to suggest man's inner life—to find an expressive means to deal with the meaning of love, desire, and loneliness, beauty, virtue, and truth, life and death. The Symbolists in poetry, art, music, and dance shared the desire to create a new, formal language in which to clothe their cosmic aspirations, their pantheistic thoughts.

Hodler developed a theory of art that he called Parallelism, which postulates a universal order reflecting the underlying harmony of creation. In his need to find a meaningful structure in the world, he was less concerned with diversity than similarities. Human beings, trees, mountains, clouds are more alike than different, and in his figural compositions and landscapes Hodler makes use of symmetry and repetition of form and image to symbolize "the great unity of life." In his lecture "Mission of the Artist," delivered at the University of Fribourg in 1897, he asserted that "we know and we feel at times that what unites us is stronger than what divides us."

The figures in Hodler's monumental compositions generally assume the attitudes of dancers. Indeed, he seems to have been very close to dancers and choreographers who, at the turn of the century, originated the free and rhythmic

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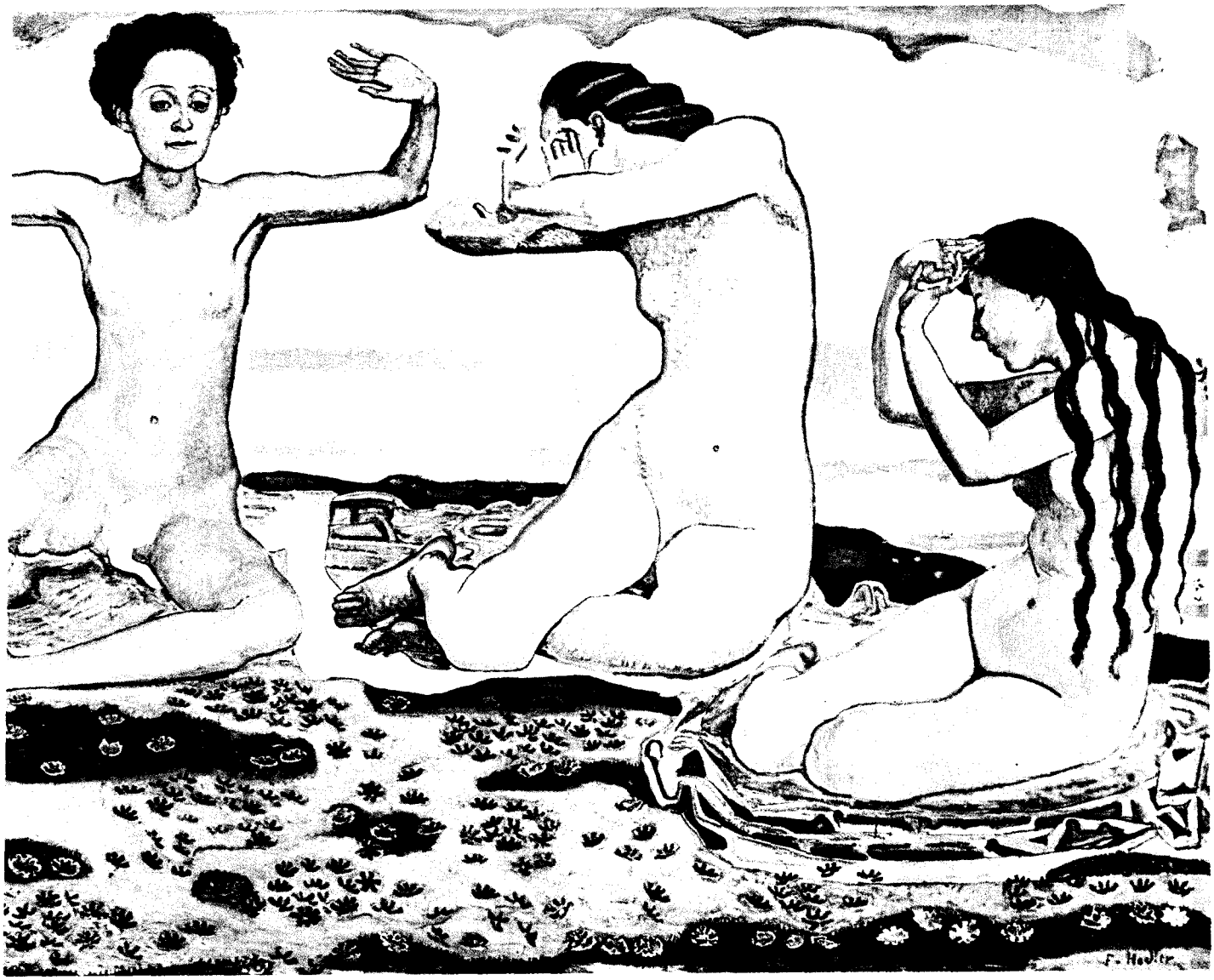

Hodler the figure painter and Hodler the landscapist often seem like different artists. In "Day II" (1904–1906), top, one of Hodler's mural-sized paintings, dreamlike movements and ritual gestures animate the figures. The central nude could be a priestess channeling the emotion of the group toward the light of the day. But Hodler's far less stylized landscapes rarely include a human Form. In the austere "Autumn Evening" (1892), far left, he painted out a woman walking in the road. "Lake Geneva from Chexbres" (1892), left, shows one of the artist's favorite subjects.

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"Portrait of Jeanne Cerani-Charles" (1908–1911): Hodler was one of the most sought-after portraitists of his time.

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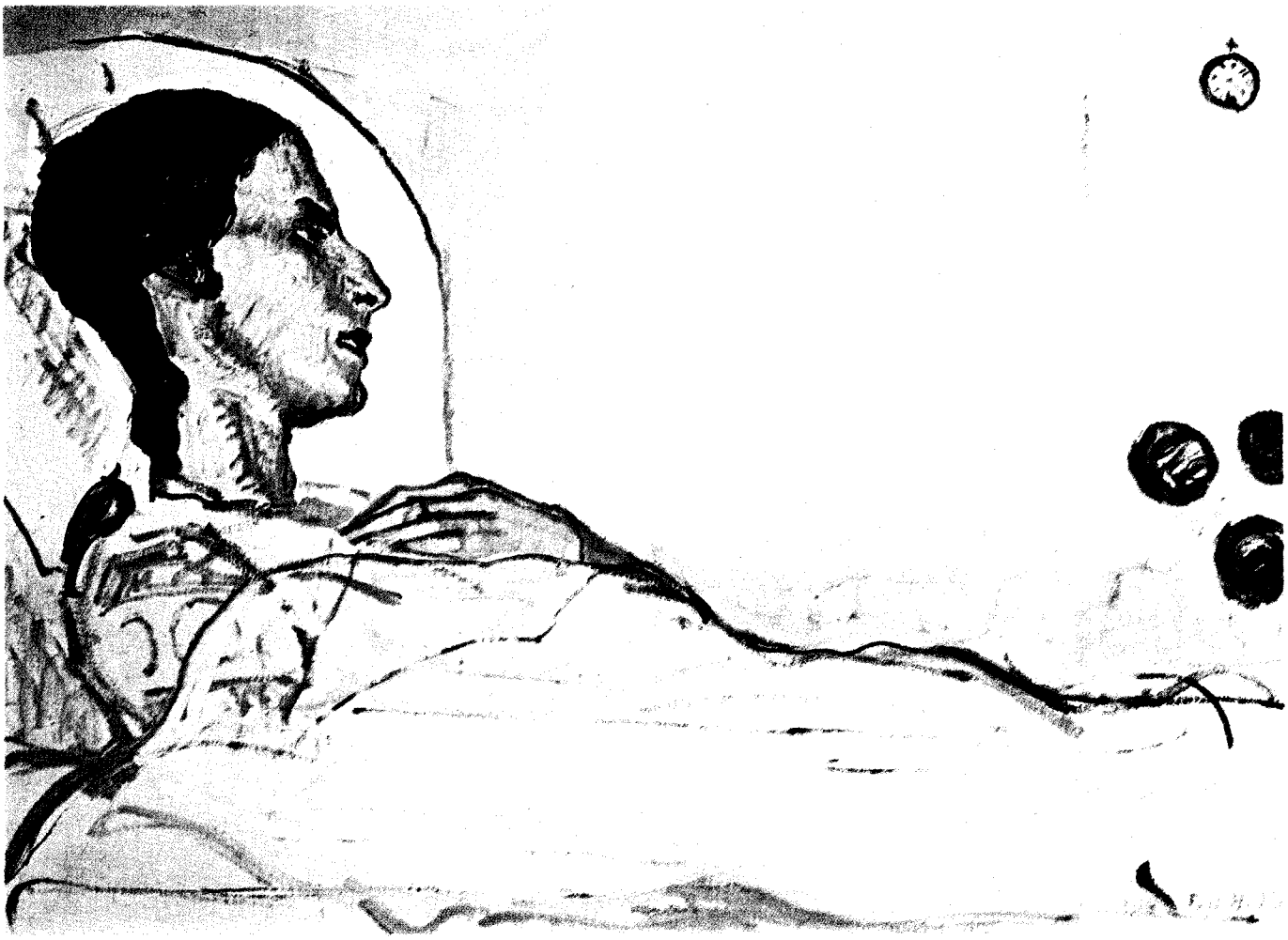

Sitting at the bedside of his mistress, Valentine Gode-Darel, Hodler sketched and painted her as she wasted away with cancer.

expression of the body that has come to be known as modern dance. Hodler's murals can be seen as choreographic orchestrations of man's inner life and fate.

Above all Ferdinand Hodler was a painter. As early as 1900, in a painting like *Day*, he uses color freely and quite abstractly, and the reds and greens on the women's bodies forecast what Matisse was going to explore a few years later when this expressive form was decried as "fauve." Hodler also frequently painted on unsized, or raw, canvas in a technique similar to one claimed to be originated by Washington and New York painters in the 1950s. His line, both in drawings and paintings, is not merely a representational element, but creates an esthetic structure of its own.

During the course of his life, Hodler painted at least forty self-portraits, exploring his own image, questioning himself, searching for the key to the deeper meaning of his face and gesture. In style these self-portraits range from darkly painted, rather academic pictures done when he was a young student at the Ecole des Beaux Arts in Geneva to lightly brushed, almost calligraphic self-examinations of the artist as an old man, like that on our cover.

Hodler also became a much sought-after portraitist, painting many members of the intellectual and cultural elite of Geneva. Perhaps his most moving accounts of another human being are those of his mistress, Valentine Godé-Darel, dying of cancer. Almost day by day he recorded the progressive disease of his beloved in a series of poignant paintings and drawings that ends only when death has set in. This passion of agony, painted with controlled emotion and retaining an exquisite sense of formal meaning, is truly unique in the history of art.

During his lifetime, as now, Hodler's landscapes of lake and mountain were probably his most esteemed forms of expression. In them he came close to creating a universal symbol of the concept "mountain." It is astonishingly true that nobody had ever painted the Alps with such deep understanding of the solitude that reigns among the peaks or the powerful quality of rock and ravine, gorge and glacier. In a masterpiece like *Eiger, Mönch, and Jungfrau in Moonlight* of 1908, drama is created by light and the relationship of the shapes. There is no foreground; the viewer confronts directly four pyramidal forms and a mysterious crescent above. The rhythm of this visionary painting seems to correspond to the artist's rhythmic feelings, and they are powerfully communicated to the viewer.

Hodler's work was a continuous search for "beauty, grandeur, and order." He wrote: "The work of art reveals a newly apprehended order of things and is beautiful because it expresses a general harmony." Seeing the present exhibition of some seventy paintings and fifty drawings by this visionary artist makes us realize that he indeed achieved his goal. It is astounding that we have not known his work all along. □

The Ferdinand Hodler exhibition was organized by the University Art Museum, Berkeley, California, where it was first shown. It can be seen at the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, from February 2 to April 8, and then at the Busch-Reisinger Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts, from May 1 to June 22. A catalogue by Peter Selz, with contributions by Jura Brüschweiler, Phyllis Hattis, and Eva Wyler, has been published by the University Art Museum.

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THE NATIONAL THEATER OF THE DEAF: FLYING FINGERS AND TERRIFIC TALENT

BY PATRICIA BOSWORTH

Eight actors cut across the stage. One is black, another is decidedly overweight, another is close to fifty and wears a toupee. There is a skinny little actor with a drooping mustache, a redhead in leotards, and a voluptuous barefoot blonde. They move with elegance and total authority. A disciplined concentration radiates from the tips of their toes and stretches along the muscles of their reaching arms.

I watch as they rehearse details from their adaptation of *The Epic of Gilgamesh,* transforming themselves into gnarled old trees and ferocious birds. Everything is performed in silence. As someone once said, "They carry their own spotlight."

These actors are part of the fourteen-member company of the National Theater of the Deaf, one of two such professional acting companies in the world. (The other is in Russia.) Since 1968 NTD has been performing Chekhov, e. e. cummings, and Molière to enthusiastic audiences in forty states, Europe, and the Middle East.

NTD has been funded by government grants, as well as by the Ford Foundation and the New York State Council on the Arts. Such funding has made it possible for an offshoot of NTD, the Little Theater of the Deaf, to play for children in ghettos, job camps, and school auditoriums around the country with enormous success. Most NTD actors belong to LTD.

The company is based at the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Center in Waterford, Connecticut, overlooking Long Island Sound. Founded in 1964 and run by George White, the O'Neill has many projects besides NTD. It houses a yearly playwrights' conference, another for critics, and it has just begun a theatrical education program for college students, funded in part by the Rockefeller Foundation.

In spite of the bustle, the center's overall atmosphere is one of dreamy serenity. In my seat in the theater I am enveloped in silence. Yet the silence has a lively undercurrent because the actors I'm watching are communicating in their own beautiful language—the language of signs.

"Sign language has two basic components," explains NTD's producer David Hays, as he joins me in watching the prerehearsal warm-up. "Finger spelling has one-handed shapes for each letter. Signs, however, contain an entire word or idea in one- or two-handed forms: inflections and shadings start at the toes and carry through the entire body to the face.

"You've got to remember," he adds, "that deaf people are born actors. Their lives are a constant struggle to communicate."

We watch as Kentucky-born Mary Beth Miller, a large woman wearing blue jeans, begins telling an anecdote. She is considered NTD's finest comedienne, and, as she is caught up in her story, she grimaces, her arms reach out, and she sways back and forth. Bernard Bragg, who studied with Marcel Marceau, taps his finger against his nose, making the sign for "funny."

At this point NTD's director, Larry Arrick, stamps his foot for attention—the actors can feel the floor vibrate—and they gather quickly in a semicircle. "They must look directly at me so they can read my lips," Arrick tells me later. As he reads his notes from the previous night's run-through, they are "translated" by plump Nikki Kilpatrick who is bilingual: she hears, but her parents were deaf, and so she learned to sign. The company watches her intently. She communicates through her eyes as much as in the movements of her hands. Once several actors laugh, but silently, nodding their heads. Most deaf people are sensitive about producing any sound, since as children most of them were taught that the noises they made were raw and unmonitored. "They laugh out loud only when they're completely relaxed—at their own parties," Hays says. "When that happens you think you're listening to a series of muted bird calls."

Now Arrick is speaking to Edward Waterstreet, a blond giant of a man from Wisconsin. Arrick tells him that the scene with the whore, who is played by Waterstreet's pert brunette wife, Linda Bove, goes on too long. "You're both doing too much. Simplify." Linda and Ed express disagreement by a torrent of excited gestures, which Nikki translates. But Arrick holds his ground. "Try it my way next time, okay?"

Finally Arrick discusses a speech detail with David Berman, one of the two hearing actors in the company. Berman and former Broadway dancer Carol Fleming provide the voices for all NTD productions. Playing in a variety of styles and roles, ranging from formal narration to talking dogs, they, also, can sign fluently.

After notes are completed there is a short rehearsal of one of the strenuously choreographed sections of *Gilgamesh.*

Adapted by Arrick, *Gilgamesh* is the world's oldest written work, inscribed on clay tablets approximately 1,500 years before Homer. A compilation of Sumerian legend and Greek myth, the action revolves around Gilgamesh, a god-man and hero who wants to find eternal life. His search and his struggle against death take him all over the earth and under the sea. The story has greatly inspired the imagination of NTD.

With the exception of Waterstreet, the actors play multiple roles. One moment they are sea gods; the next they are farmers and whores. As their hands dazzle with an endless variety of intricate signs, they seem to play the space around them like harp strings. Their quivering, disciplined fingertips tap the air and color it with emotion.

They start each morning with exercises at 7:30, and they spend part of each day fencing, tumbling, and dancing. Since the deaf actor's hands are comparable to the hearing actor's voice, they are all involved in what could only be called the visual counterpart of vocalizing.

"They know they are developing a kind of theater that is appealing not only to the deaf community but to the world at large," Hays tells me. "We're showing the skill and intelligence of the deaf. My biggest battle as producer has always been to convince everybody we aren't a freak show. Some people still think the deaf read Braille and can't screw or get angry like so-called normal human beings."

I look around to see if anybody in the company has reacted to Hays's biting statement. But the actors are busy performing somersaults or signing happily to one another.

Then I see Hays staring at me. "Yes, I know," he says. "You forgot they can't hear a word we've been saying."

At the end of my stay I interview some members of the company. They insist I meet with all of them at once. "They're afraid they'll miss something if you question them separately," Hays

Patricia Bosworth is a former managing editor of Harper's Bazaar. *She contributes frequently to the* New York Times *Entertainment Section and is also working on a novel.*

Tim Scanlon (foreground), Dorothy Miles (above), and Linda Bove (right) perform a scene from NTD's adventurous production of Gilgamesh. *Ms. Bove is signing the word "word."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID HAYS

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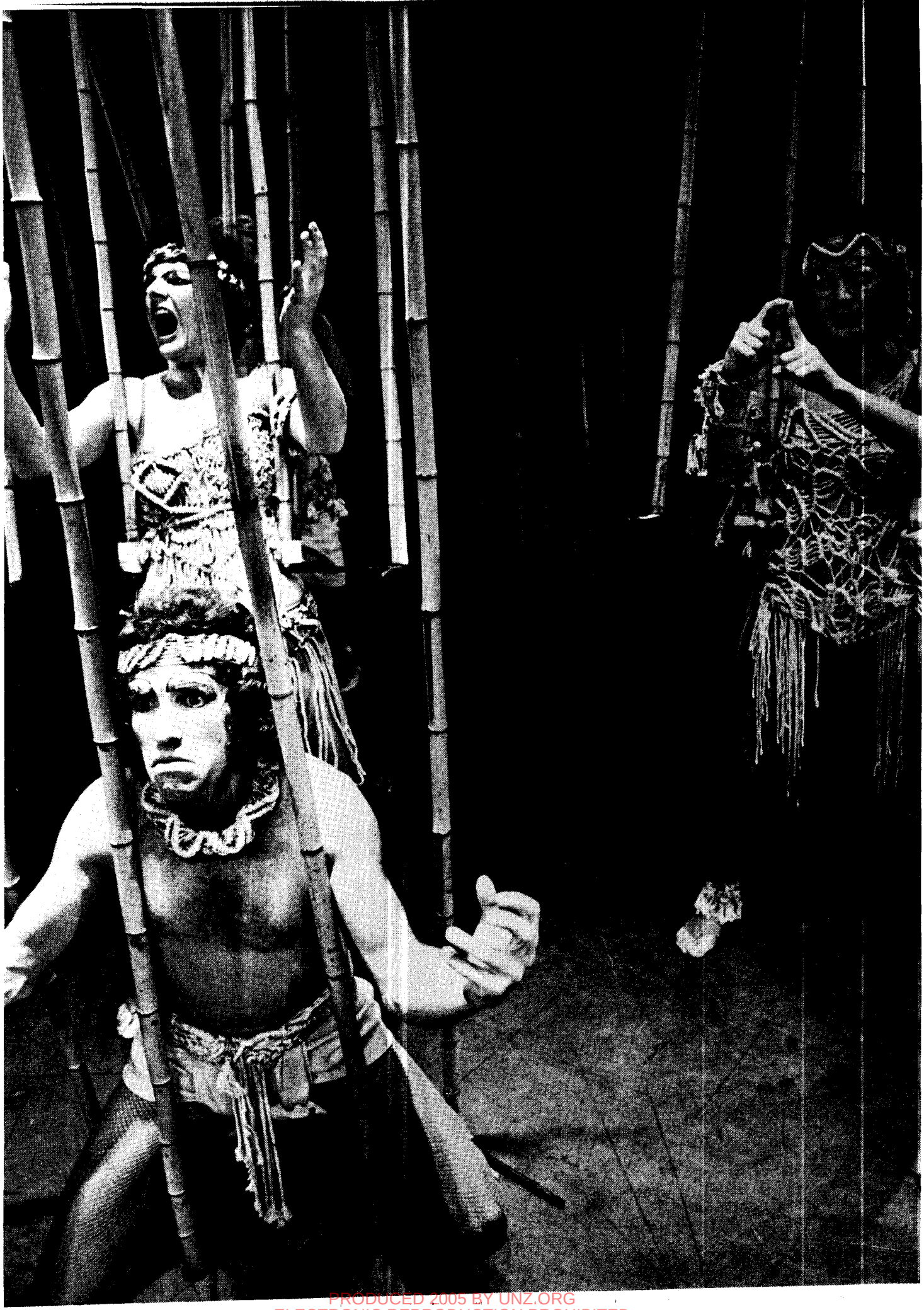

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The company signs, "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog." Second from right, Dorothy Miles's facial expression and body pose suggest the dog is proud to be lazy.

says. "Even at their own parties a couple is hard pressed to get off alone. They may sneak into a corner for a little privacy, but sooner or later everybody else will wander over and start watching them sign."

Once we get started the actors seem eager to talk. We share cigarettes—most of the actors smoke heavily—and then a free-flowing dialogue ensues, with Nikki translating.

Their responses bounce along like pebbles skipping across a brook. No sooner does one actor start to reply than another joins in and a third and a fourth. Communication is an ensemble effort.

My first question elicits a flurry of gestures. "What is it like to be deaf?" I ask.

"It is being alone in yourself and always silent," they tell me. "We are still learning to deal with that aloneness. Most of us have been deaf since birth and have never been able to comprehend sound or speech."

"Do you remember your childhood?"

"Our memories are sensory ones. The touch of grass, the feel of a raindrop or the sun on our arms. Since we can't ask questions, we have learned by discovery. We are very curious people. Here our curiosity is encouraged, but many deaf people are reprimanded early in life for being inquisitive—for touching things that break, for dropping a baby kitten. They've been punished for their curiosity, and since they can't ask questions, they often become very passive.

"We all have recurrent nightmares about being sent back to school. Most of us were sent away to special boarding schools for the deaf when we were very small. We were separated from our parents, and we didn't know why, and we experienced terrible homesickness, and we could not hear ourselves crying in the night."

When I ask about the debate within the deaf community between the advocates of sign, or visual, language, which NTD practices, and those of the earlier "oralist" approach, the actors glance at one another.

"Don't oralists maintain that the deaf should mouth words, finger-spell, and even speak so they'll appear normal?" I ask.

Mary Beth Miller signs, "Yes, yes, but we are artists. So we keep ourselves above this argument. We think signing offers more range and value for us—we are able to express things in very different ways."

"Many of us went to strict oralist schools at which we weren't allowed to sign," Bernard Bragg interjects. "If we did sign, we risked expulsion. Many hearing parents want their children to talk like other people so they won't seem so different. But for us it's a relief to sign because it is really unnatural to speak when you cannot hear the words."

I ask Linda Bove, who is a regular on *Sesame Street*, about the incident when oralists demanded equal time on the show.

"I eventually spoke words and lip-read into the cameras so the television audience could see I was able to do both," she said, "but that I'd made a choice."

"What do you wish you could do that you can't do?"

They all reply, "Answer the phone."

"Who is your favorite actor?"

"Marlon Brando—because we can read his face. We can understand the characters he portrays just by studying his expression. The same is true of Spencer Tracy. Yes, yes, we know his son is deaf, but that's beside the point; he was a fine expressive actor with a particularly mobile mouth. We admire Laurence Olivier—especially for his performance in *The Entertainer*. More than any other actor he mirrors every emotion in his eyes. Even his eyelids indicate certain subtleties."

"Any specific problems with the outside world?"

"Sometimes, when we travel. Before we started our last tour to Yugoslavia, airline officials refused to let us board until we had signed away our legal rights in case of flight injury. 'Routine for infirm people,' we were told. David Hays was furious, and he argued the matter with the officials for a long time, telling them how we all had college degrees, could drive cars, and were perfectly able to handle ourselves in any emergency. 'We're here to fight for our rights, not have them taken away,' David said. Finally we were allowed to board the plane. The first thing we did—to the surprise of the hearing passengers—was to sing 'Happy Birthday' in sign language to Mary Beth."

Near the end of our conversation a slight disagreement breaks out when Patrick Greybill, a goateed actor from Kansas, who is also administrator of the O'Neill's Summer School for the Deaf, tries to explain why he had left the priesthood to take up acting.

"In the theater I am able to create other worlds for myself and for others. This gives me strength."

"But isn't it true you can contribute more to the theater than to the Catholic Church?" Ed Waterstreet signs.

"No, no. I love the church. I still give of myself to the church."

"But you are happier as an actor. . . ."

"I do not wish to discuss this further," he gestures impatiently, and a dark look crosses his face. "I like to cook in my free time," he says, turning to me. "That is my hobby."

Before our meeting is over I question them a bit further about their lives. They are employed fifty-two weeks a year with NTD (a record for an acting company). So most of them have either apartments or houses in the nearby New London area. They teach deaf children, and some like to garden and watch television. One NTD member, Dorothy Miles, who is from Wales, writes poetry.

"Your biggest thrill?"

"In Belgrade five thousand deaf people watched us perform. You could not see the sky for flying fingers."

The following morning I run into Patrick Greybill in the O'Neill Center's main hall. We smile at each other, and then I remember I want to ask him something. I speak slowly so he can read my lips. "I forgot to find out what kind of cooking you specialize in," I remark.

Patrick pauses and then carefully utters the word "Greek." It sounds very much like a muted bird call. □

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"Don't Hand Me That Garbage, Sweetheart!"

Episode No. 2,560 of *The Doctors* proved one thing: a group of TV pros needs just six hours to turn helpless laughter into split-second passion.

BY PETER M. NICHOLS

t is 8:30 a.m. and I am in the Seven arts Room of the Hotel Edison in New York. Nearby, Gerald Gordon is arguing with Elizabeth Hubbard. "Why shouldn't I touch her?" Gordon snarls. And what are you being so high and mighty about? Didn't you let Morrison touch *you*?"

Gordon and Hubbard are rehearsing Production No. 2,560 of *The Doctors*, a soap opera that appears weekday afternoons on the NBC television network. Gordon, a restless, jaunty man of about thirty-five, plays Dr. Nick Bellini. Liz Hubbard, blonde and attractive, is Bellini's colleague and lover, Dr. Althea Davis. In this scene they are discussing Althea's relationship with her husband, Dr. John Morrison. "What," roars Bellini, "did *you two* do in that double bed every night—talk politics?" Liz Hubbard raises her script to deliver Althea's reply but she suddenly doubles over with laughter and is unable to continue. Rehearsal stops and Gordon walks off for a cup of coffee.

Director Norman Hall is unconcerned. "It's good for them to blow off steam in these morning sessions," he says. "When we tape this afternoon, they'll do the lines well." Hall, a small, intense man with bushy gray hair, has directed *The Doctors* for three of its ten years on the air. In 1972, he points out, the show won an Emmy as the best drama on daytime television.

Episode No. 2,560 involves five of *The Doctors*'s fifty-odd characters. There are four scenes, and, together with seven commercials, they must fit into exactly thirty minutes. Like all episodes, No. 2,560 will be rehearsed once at the Edison and three more times at the show's NBC studio before being taped at 2:30 this afternoon. But it will not actually be broadcast for another ten days.

At the Edison, Hall and his crew feel out the script. Tables and chairs have been bunched together to approximate the set at the studio. Today the first scene is simple enough—a twenty-second shot of Bellini screaming at Althea over the telephone. Scene 2, however, is delicate. Dr. Steve Aldrich (David O'Brien) and his wife, Carolee, are standing in a hospital room with heart patient Mona Aldrich, Steve's cobra-tempered mother. Carolee (played by Caralee Campbell) has a pixieish face with pronounced laugh lines, which is a help here because she is required to soothe Mona (the well-known Meg Monday) while smiling in various ways. TIGHT SMILE, the script instructs. BRAVE SMILE . . . "SELL" SMILE . . . CROOKED SMILE.

"A lot of people think we make this up as we go along," says O'Brien, an affable and deft performer. But, in fact, story lines are plotted months in advance and are cleared with the show's sponsor and owner, the Colgate-Palmolive Company. *The Doctors* is written by Eileen and Robert Mason Pollock, a husband-and-wife team. Few remember ever having seen the Pollocks on the set. According to Hall, they hole up in a Manhattan apartment and frantically feed dialogue into the production maw. Their material, of course, is aimed at the viewers, not the actors who mouth their roles with humor and resignation. "It's very hard coping with the crap day after day," one says. "The pay is good, and it's steady, but this job is bad for your career. Unless a soap actor does a lot of other things, he gets typed. People in the business don't think much of this kind of experience. Let's face it—the big challenge is trying to stay awake."

Meanwhile Liz Hubbard and Gordon clown through Scene 3, which features another Nick Bellini–Althea Davis fight (face to face this time). Hall changes a "what the hell" to "what the devil." Gordon shouts, "Why shouldn't I touch her?" Then he pauses. Liz braces for a gag. "After all," Gordon continues, "she's a great lay." Liz cracks up a second time. Hall quietly makes notes in his script.

"In the morning we're mainly con-

Peter M. Nichols, a former SR *editor, has turned his hand to freelancing.*

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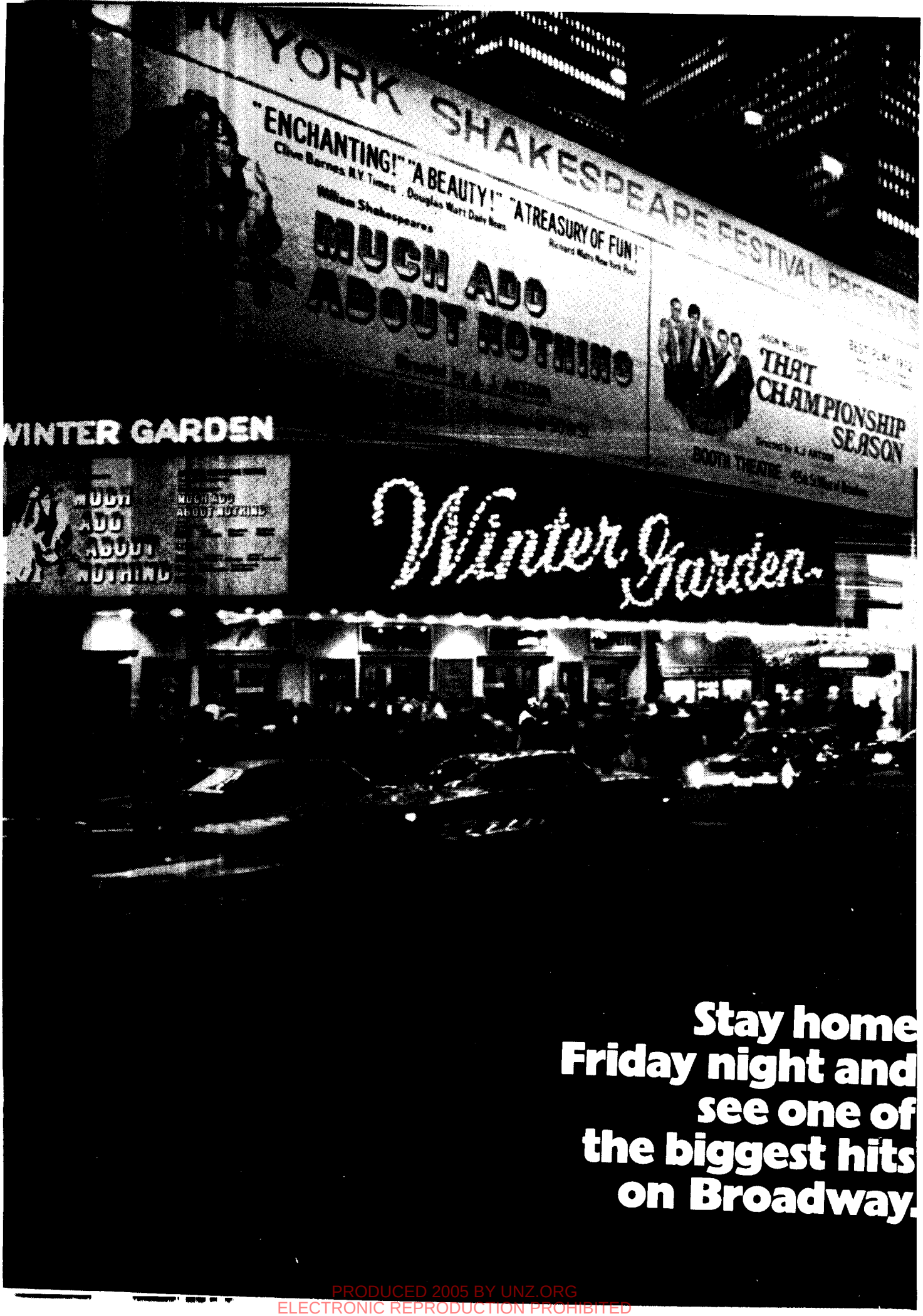

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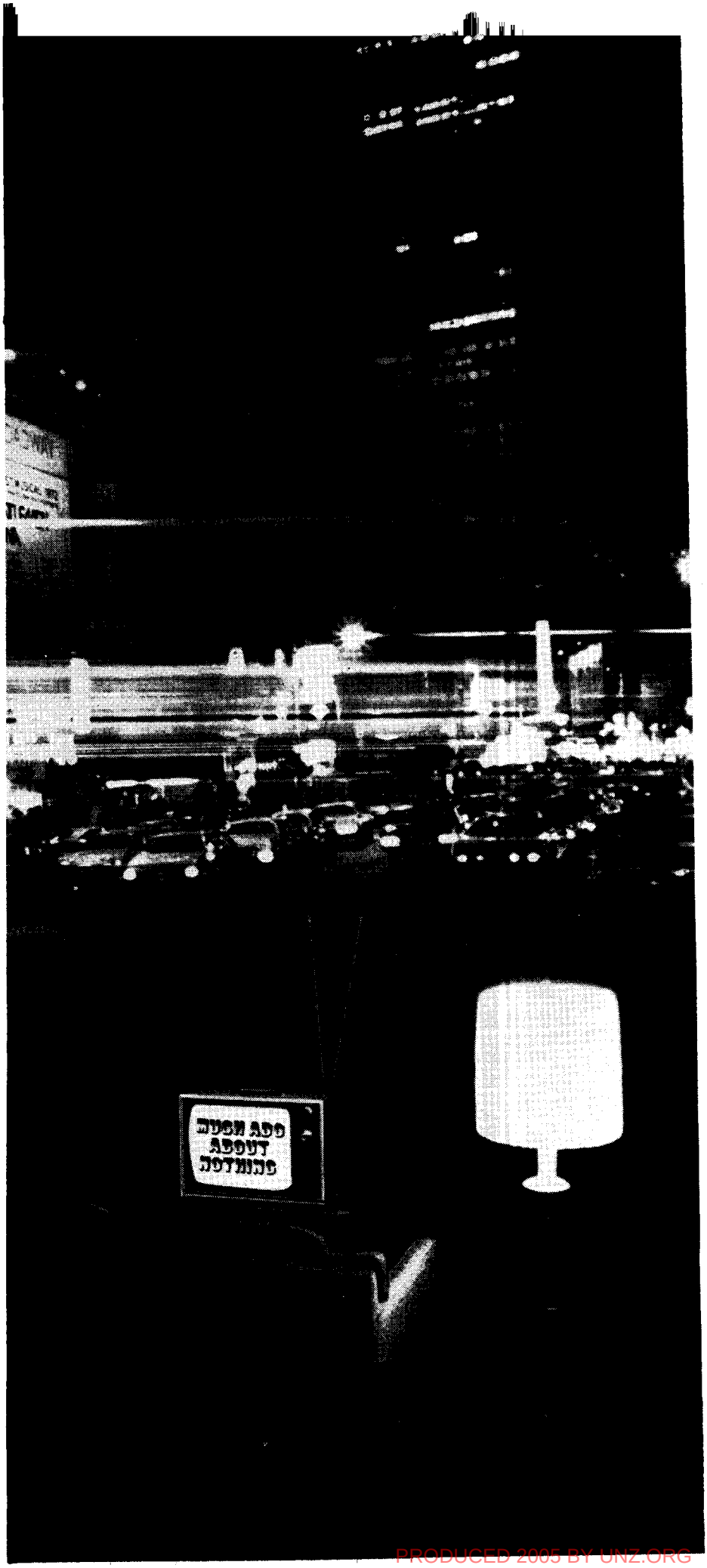

People have been lining up at the box office for tickets to an exciting new production of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," set in 1910 America, complete with Gibson Girls, Keystone Kops, a ragtime band and draft beer.

Produced by Joseph Papp, the New York Shakespeare Festival show has been playing to capacity houses at Broadway's Winter Garden Theatre. We think all of America should have the chance to see it too.

So, this Friday, IBM is sponsoring the full three-hour production on The CBS Television Network, directed by A. J. Antoon with Nick Havinga. The show stars Kathleen Widdoes as the fiery, independent Beatrice in a comic duel of wits with Benedick, the town's most determined bachelor, played by Sam Waterston.

Don't miss it! Your teacher never told you they could do Shakespeare like this.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

Friday, Feb. 2
8-11 PM (EST)
CBS Television

Presented by **IBM**

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cerned with the bigger technical problems," he says. There are a few in Scene 4. Dr. John Morrison (played by an urbane British actor named Pat Horgan) and his wife, Althea, are to enjoy a major reconciliation in their bedroom. Dr. Morrison's legs have been paralyzed in an accident, and he gets around in a motorized wheelchair. In this scene Althea is plumping the pillows when up rolls Dr. John. He has good news. Yesterday he moved his toes and today he can move his ankles. Soon he'll be able to walk. Today, also, Dr. John has discovered that he is again capable of an act that he and Althea haven't performed together since the accident. Dr. John hauls Althea to him, and they kiss. She is reluctant. He kisses her again, long and deeply. She responds. Fade out.

In the Seven Arts Room Dr. John's bed is a row of chairs. Horgan practices rearing out of an imaginary wheelchair, wriggling across the bed, and propping himself against the pillows. He and Liz Hubbard try some kisses while Hall adjusts face and shoulder angles. He is worried that she could wind up sprawled across the bed, not the best procedure on a soap. They do the scene over. Dr. John comes to the line "My God, I'm so alive, Althea." Hall deletes it.

At 11:15 the cast is reassembled in NBC studio 3B at 30 Rockefeller Plaza. It is a huge room, and scores of technicians wander about gossiping and adjusting equipment. Three huge color cameras tower above the crowd like lunar landers. And there, sitting in brilliant pools of pastel light, like saucers from another planet, are the sets.

Hall, associate director Stan Zabka, and technical director Danny Zampino are in a control room located off stage. The front wall of the room is covered with TV screens. From now through the taping, Hall and the others will sit at a control panel and direct the action as it appears on the two largest color screens directly in front of them, relaying their wishes to the stage manager via headset.

Out on the floor Dr. John Morrison searches for some mouthwash. Dr. Steve, Mona, and Carolee are into their dialogue. They stumble often and must continually refer to their scripts. Dr. John whizzes on set in his motor chair and plows into the bed. He finds that before he can get onto the bed, he must collapse one of the arms of the chair. The arm won't budge, and a prop man comes in to help.

Hall announces that it's time for the run-through rehearsal. "Music," he cries, and the control room is filled with the sound of urgent violins and a rich voice saying: "And now . . . *The Doctors* . . . dedicated to the brotherhood of healing." Immediately there is a

Whistles of appreciation break out in the control room. "They got the twenty-five seconds back right there."

tightening. Dr. Steve and Carolee are now acting, not reading. Nick and Althea go all the way through Scene 3 relatively sober-faced.

Dr. John still has difficulty with the chair. "I can't get the Goddamned arm down," he announces on the big color screens. Aid is summoned, and the dialogue continues. "My ankles, Althea!" exclaims Dr. John. "I can move my ankles!" They kiss. "Wait till you see what moves next, folks," says a technician in the control room.

It is now 1:30 and time for dress rehearsal. On the set the players appear in costume. Dr. Nick is out of his turtleneck and into coat and tie; Dr. Steve is in his surgeon's smock. Dr. John shuffles along in green pajamas.

Miraculously, the dialogue has become swift and practiced. The scripts are gone, but now there are idiot cards, beaverboard slabs with huge hand lettering toted by a two-man team just out of camera range. The scenes go perfectly until Bellini's fight with Althea. "Don't hand me that garbage, sweetheart," he growls. Liz Hubbard fights to check herself, sputters, then explodes with laughter. "What is this, the Colgate comedy hour?" shouts Gordon.

"What if she does that during the taping?" I ask him later.

"Not her," he says. "She's solid as bedrock."

That is reassuring because actors get no second chances during taping. The show is run nonstop, goofs and all. If an episode is running long or short, Hall signals everybody to go faster or slower. Fifteen minutes before taping, No. 2,560 is thirty seconds over. "Nick and Althea's scene should go like a shot," Hall tells me. "We should save it there."

It is now 2:28 and No. 2,560 will tape in two minutes. A cameraman stops by the control room to tell us that NBC newsman Carl Stokes, the former mayor of Cleveland, has just had a yelling argument with an elevator man on the floor below. Fifteen seconds. On the monitors we watch Dr. Nick Bellini getting ready to yell at Althea over the telephone.

Ten seconds . . . nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . . Music. "And now . . . *The Doctors* . . . ." Bellini rips into his phone conversation. "Now look, Althea," he begins, "if this is more palaver about your husband being able to move his toes . . . ."

Hall leans forward, eyes flashing from screen to script. Every now and then he signals a camera change with a wave of his pencil. "That's nice," he says; "keep it together here, stay tight. And [wave] take it, camera two. Back again, number one. Come on, Carolee, keep your eyes off those cards."

We're through Scene 2 in Mona's room and into a break for commercials. Coming up is the big Nick-Althea brawl. Zabka tells Hall that the show is already twenty-five seconds long. "Tell Nick he's really got to go at it," Hall snaps into his mouthpiece. On come Nick and Althea. There are no giggles or gag lines this time—even the facial reactions are according to script. STUNNED, demand the stage directions. THROWN, STAGGERED, DISGUSTED, STUNG, HIT, ROCKED, SEETHING, GLARING, BLAZING, REELING. They go faster and faster. "I've played the gullible fool, as usual!" Althea finally wails. "You said it all, Althea," Nick concludes.

Althea rushes out the lab door, TORN APART BY NICK'S CRUELTY. Whistles of appreciation break out in the control room. "They got the whole twenty-five seconds back right there," Hall exults. Ahead, however, after another set of commercials, lies Scene 4 and Dr. John's two-part kiss. He cruises on set in the wheelchair, and after some grimacing over the arm and a spirited heave-ho from Althea he makes it onto the bed without incident. John tells Althea that she's a fabulous creature. Althea, backing for the door, replies: "You better sleep on it. You'll think differently in the morning."

Dr. John: "But suddenly I've become a man again—and you're a beautiful, desirable woman . . . ."

Althea: "John, I think we'd better . . . ."

The scene is going well but slowly. "Christ, John, you're spreading me out again," Hall hisses into his mouthpiece. Here comes the first kiss.

John (URGENTLY): "Please . . . ."

Althea (BREATHLESS PROTEST): "John, no!"

In the control room Hall and Danny Zampino are ping-ponging camera shots all over screens 1 and 2.

John: "Althea, please don't walk away from me . . . not tonight . . . ." He glues her the big one, and they embrace. The control room tenses. Dr. John firmly but carefully draws the upper half of Althea's body across his chest and, still kissing, lowers her just enough to let her blond hair cascade over her shoulders and onto the blankets. Camera 1 dollies in for a last look. GO TO BLACK, reads the script. It's over. Hall sits back and rubs his eyes. "Not bad," he says. □

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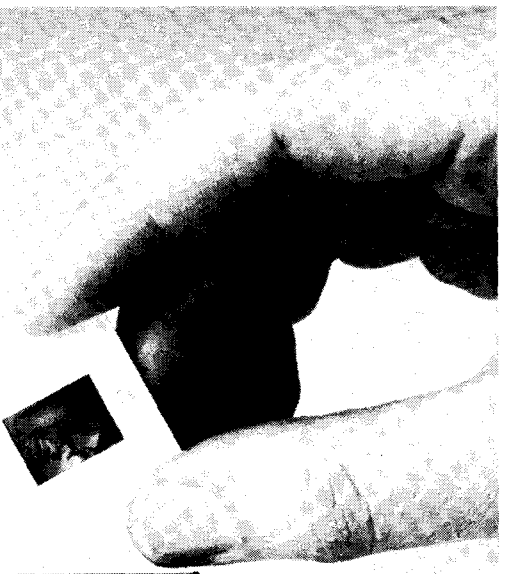

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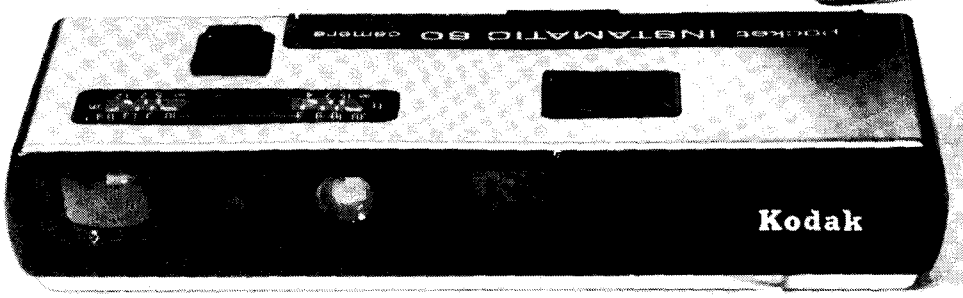

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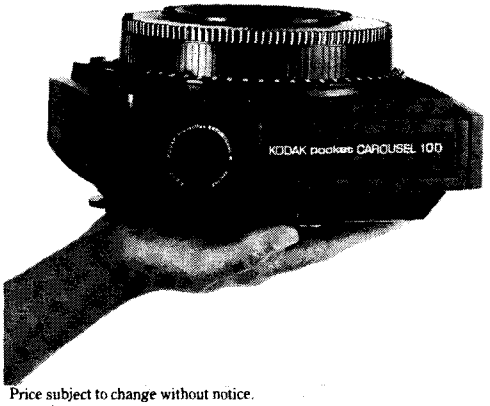

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TALL TENOR WITH A VOICE KISSED BY GOD

If anyone can make 325 pounds of talent on an opera stage look impish, it's Luciano Pavarotti.

BY IRVING KOLODIN

Tall tenors, like slender sopranos, are musical commodities for which the demand is always greater than the supply. A tall tenor with a voice of quality and power is rare enough to bring impresarios on the run whenever one is found. A tall tenor with a voice of power and quality *and* an outgoing personality is so uncommon that the gap between today's Luciano Pavarotti and the last prior example of the species must be measured, like the visits of Halley's Comet, in decades rather than in years.

Hardly a man is now alive who can claim to have heard the archetype of the breed, Leo Slezak, in full cry. His son, Walter, the actor, inherited some of the size and much of the outgoing personality but, alas, no part of the voice. In Pavarotti, however, the aural astronomers have sighted a serious likeness to the elder Slezak, a man famous for having observed the departure of Lohengrin's boat before he had a chance to step into it by asking, "When does the next swan leave?" Pavarotti has not yet engaged Lohengrin, nor is he likely to, but he has been observed, during an appearance in Donizetti's *La Fille du régiment,* nibbling at Joan Sutherland's lips less with *grand amour* than with the mischievous air of a naughty boy foraging for forbidden sweets.

Measured in meters and kilos, Pavarotti could be put in the superdreadnought class, were he a prizefighter. At thirty-six—and still growing—he is no rocketing apparition on the operatic scene. Rather he is a performer who has grown slowly, steadily into a position of pre-eminence in a repertory that includes such roles as the Duke in *Rigoletto,* Rodolfo in *La Bohème,* Alfredo in *La Traviata,* Tonio in *La Fille du régiment,* and other assignments in which a love of singing has much to do with singing about love. He has fed on the fruits of fame to the extent of padding a six-foot-two frame with something like 325 pounds of weight. Well-meaning friends urge him to drop fifty or seventy-five pounds, saying they never would be missed (except by his tailor). The more diplomatic urge him to diet in moderation by extolling the delights of eating his loss back on again.

However, moderation and Modena (pronounced MOdena), where Pavarotti originated, have more community of sound than of meaning. During a recent visit at the Hotel Navarro, his home in New York during business trips to the Metropolitan Opera, he said his birthplace shares some traits with other nearby smallish Italian cities such as Reggio nell' Emilia and Piacenza. "Everybody sings. We have an old opera house seating 1,200 where visiting companies from Bologna or Parma put on a few performances a year, and the local forces mount an annual production, with the *coro,*" he says slyly, "made up of my father and his friends." Fernando Pavarotti, says the son, has an even sweeter voice than he has.

It is the younger Pavarotti's present ambition to create a record of Christmas favorites, with his father singing "Panis Angelicus." "You would hear then what a beautiful sound he has," says Pavarotti, L., of Pavarotti, F. He has begged his father, now sixty, to retire and enjoy the Pavarotti success syndrome around the world. But, he sighs, "Father says he would miss the smell of fresh bread" (the brown, crisp Italian kind produced in his bakery rather than the green American variety).

Asked whether there was a conservatory in Modena, he said, "There was, with two teachers. But they ruined all the voices in Modena, so the city closed up the conservatory."

Fortunately, they never had a chance with the Pavarotti voice, which matured naturally from his days as a boy soprano in the church choir through a period of free-style singing while he trained to be a teacher in a boys' school. "What subject?" he responded to a question. "Why, all subjects." The leaner, pre-fame frame was developed by a passion for all forms of athletics from soccer to volleyball and basketball to rugby. This, he will agree, prepared him for singing, "one of the more difficult forms of muscular activity." At nineteen, he recalls, "Father said: 'From now on, you are a singer.' So next day I bought a long scarf and wrapped it around my neck, and told everybody: 'Now I am a tenor.'"

At that time, he declares, "My voice was about like this," making a circle of his thumb and forefinger and holding it up to his eye. The seven lean years are no mere Biblical allegory for Pavarotti. He left teaching—"lecturing to boys is no training for the singing voice"—to his wife, also a teacher and now mother of their three charming daughters, and made his way slowly up the ladder of Italian opera houses. Asked if he had ever met the celebrated Ferruccio Tagliavini, Italy's first postwar export to the opera houses of the world, he exclaimed: "My boyhood idol! Reggio nell' Emilia, where he came from, and Modena are like this," extending his first and second fingers. "When I gave my first recital in Reggio nell' Emilia, who is sitting in the front row but Tagliavini. I was shaking."

A crucial point in the Pavarotti career dates to 1962, a year after his debut in Carpi, a small community near Modena. This was not because, on the strength of sheer loveliness of sound and some success in Italy, he was invited to sing Rigoletto in Dublin and then to make his Covent Garden debut in *La Bohème.* Rather, it was what flowed from that London engagement. Richard Bonynge was auditioning voices for an Australian tour of his wife, Joan Sutherland, and Pavarotti was one of those asked to participate.

"Ten o'clock in the morning is not a time when Italians like to sing," he recalled. "But I went, and the husband liked the way I sounded." Reminded that the Sutherland tour had to be

Irving Kolodin is music editor of Saturday Review's *four magazines.*

This isn't the way Pavarotti plays La Fille du régiment, *but he couldn't resist entertaining a photographer.*

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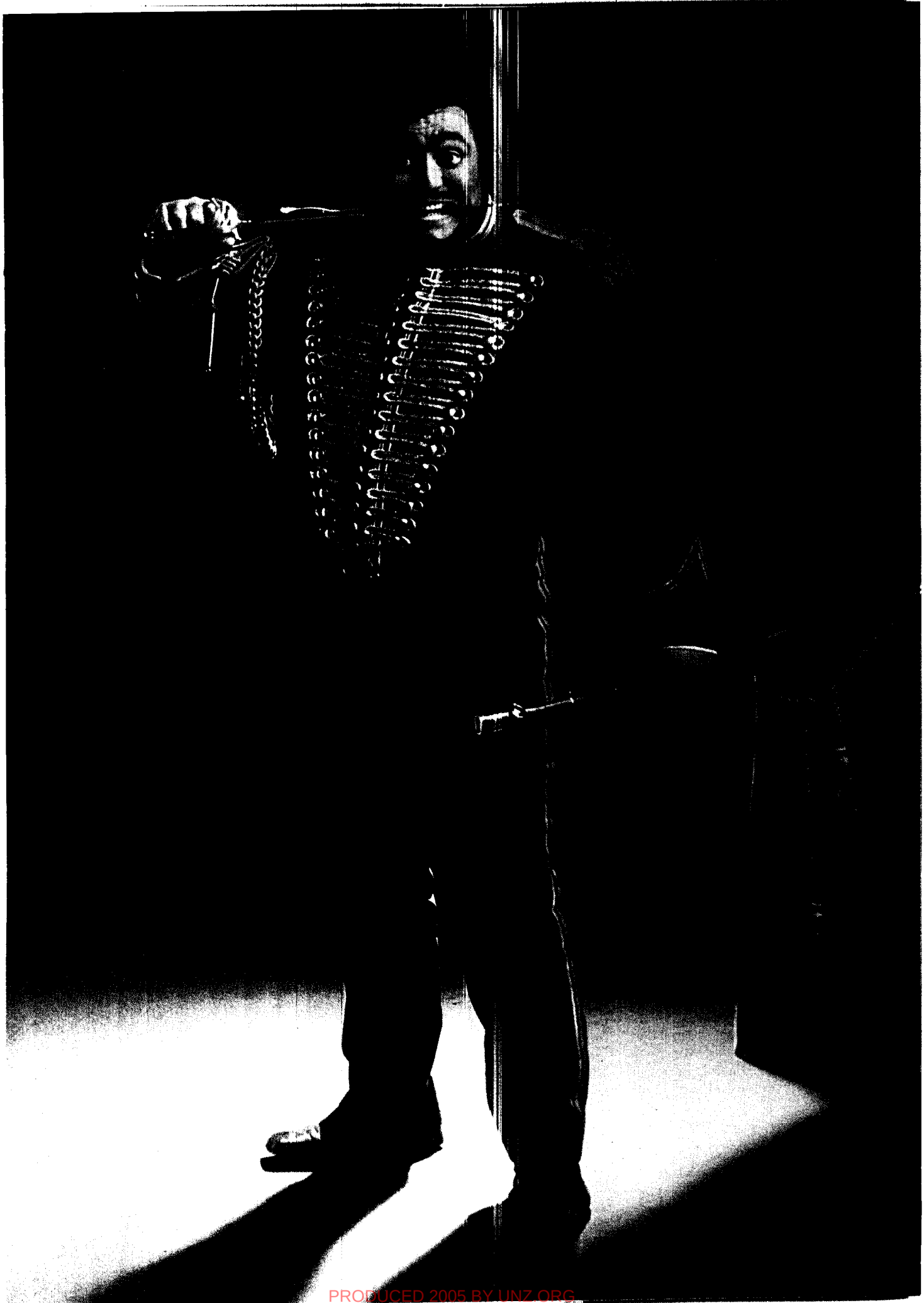

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postponed until 1965 because the soprano was suffering from a back condition that made a long flight inadvisable, Pavarotti said fervently, "That was my luckiest moment. I would not have been ready sooner." He was referring not only to the four months' association (in *La Sonnambula, La Traviata,* and *L'Elisir d'amore*) with John Alexander, Spiro Malas, Elizabeth Harwood, the Bonynges, and other members of a mostly non-Italian troupe, which broke him into the English he now speaks fluently. It was rather the direct effect on his singing of the prolonged close contact with Miss Sutherland that he had in mind.

"I always wondered at that time," he recalled, "why I sometimes sang very well when I was feeling right, but not so good when I was a little off. And a singer has to perform whether he is just right or not. Then I realized it was the *respirazione*—the breathing." That, of course, is the column of air which supports the tone like a bow drawn across the strings of a violin or cello. "From watching Joan, I realized that it all comes from down here," patting the ample girth of his diaphragm. "Most women singers breathe shallow and support the sound from up here," indicating the chest area, "but a few, like Joan and Birgit Nilsson and maybe Martina Arroyo, they breathe like men, from the diaphragm."

To an eavesdropper on this part of the conversation, who wondered why such indoctrination in the muscular function of the diaphragm could not be imparted by a teacher, I suggested, and Pavarotti confirmed, that it was all a matter of experience. Everybody's needs differ, and the application of a general principle to a particular physique has to be worked out by the individual performer. Most young singers can support their sound in a studio or in a given situation. But, in the rigors of a professional career, under circumstances of stress, the singer is much like the professional football or baseball player: he must develop the muscles that will pull him through every time, not just now and then. Unquestionably Pavarotti's association at this time with such a master technician as Sutherland, and his choice of Nilsson and Arroyo as possible others to emulate, contributed to an evolutionary process that now enables him to sing the long phrases of Donizetti, Bellini, or Verdi with enchanting freshness of sound and security of pitch.

That experience was a potent part of the answer he gives when asked about teachers. "Yes, I have had some good teachers and conductors I learned from. But the best teacher is the stage itself. What to do, how to do it, when to do it—that is best learned from what you do when you are performing. Like

This month, his Carnegie Hall debut. In September, his first Fernando in "La Favorita" to open the San Francisco Opera.

some years ago when I sang for the first time Verdi's *Requiem* with Von Karajan. I practiced the beginning of the 'Hostia' [the great solo moment for the tenor] maybe five hundred times. I could never get the sound I wanted. Came the first rehearsal with the orchestra, and it was there, just like that,"

Favarotti's exuberant personality is just one side of a serious artist determined to pace himself and learn.

snapping his fingers. "What gave it to me? Why, the beautiful sound of the violins, *pianissimo,* which Verdi has behind the voice—*that* was the quality I had been searching for, and it was the performance that gave it to me." Advised that one predecessor whom he venerates, Enrico Caruso, inscribed every check he got during his 607 performances at the Metropolitan with a self-appraisal of how he had done—"*Buono il Atto I,* fairly good Act II, *magnifico il Atto III*"—Pavarotti exclaimed, "That kind of man I like."

From the generalities of performance to the specifics was only a matter of time. Asked whether the beautifully frontal head tone—*dans la masque* was the old-fashioned term for the kind of brilliantly mellow sound associated with French tenors, when there were French tenors worth mentioning—that he produced in *La Fille du régiment* was happenstance or subtly associated with the language itself, he said with another of those slyly confidential Pavarotti smiles, "When I first started to sing this part, critics liked my voice but referred to the *'Austriaco-Ungarico'* pronunciation of the text, and they were right! But little by little I learned the right way to sing in French, and now it comes very easy. In Vienna recently when I was making some arias for a new album, I sang 'Salut! Demeure' [*Faust*], and it came out with a C like it was kissed by God. I felt that day I could sing anything." Queried on the possibility of adding Don Jose in *Carmen* to his repertory, and mentioning that it had been a specialty of such other big tenors as René Maison and Ramon Vinay, Pavarotti said: "I do the 'Aria de fleur' in this album too—very romantic. I would like in six, seven years, when I am past forty, to do Jose on the stage." Another goal he has set for himself at about that time is Manrico in *Trovatore.* Referring to a contemporary tenor, who has the reputation at the Met of being able to "sing anything," he commented: "Sing anything? Why doesn't he sing Manrico?"

For the while, however, he has more immediate objectives, such as his first performance anywhere of Fernando, in Donizetti's *La Favorita,* which he will sing at next season's opening performance of the San Francisco Opera on September 7. "Within the first two and a half minutes, the tenor has to sing a D-flat," he observed. "Two hours later he ends with a high C. Some role!"

At the time of our first meeting in early December he was absorbed with memorizing the part. "I don't go to bed alone," he said mischievously, knowing I knew his wife was in Italy. "I go to bed with a tape recorder." This was during the period in which he sang Rodolfo, in *Bohème,* on a Friday—to help out the Met management—as well as his scheduled Edgardo in *Lucia* on Saturday. "With twelve hours' sleep at night, I can sing anything. But Friday I was up till nearly three a.m. Edgardo was all right, and I don't have to sing again till Wednesday."

The concern with learning and pacing himself and improving his languages is the other side of the Pavarotti profile, to which the exuberant personality is engaging, but only a foil. Speaking of Edgardo, I said, "When Tito Schipa came into the 'Contract Scene' before the sextet, he wore a big hat that he ripped off with a flourish and threw across the hall to show his anger with Lucia for deceiving him. Have you ever considered this?" His answer was both quick and decisive. "Schipa was a little man, with a beautiful voice. The hat gave him added inches. I am tall. I do not need those

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As Tonio in La Fille du régiment, *Pavarotti has just saved Marie's (Joan Sutherland's) life and agrees to enlist so he can marry her.*

inches. In addition, *not* to wear a hat in the hall of Lammermoor Castle is the biggest insult you could offer to such nobility in those times. That is why I do not wear a hat."

Mention of Schipa, who gave up singing such roles before Pavarotti was in his teens, led to mention of other Edgardos, such as Galliano Masini, whom he could not possibly have heard in person. "The records," he said, "I know them all. My father has many and I have heard others." Di Stefano as Edgardo with Callas in the Mexico City *Lucia* of 1952? "I have tapes of all their Mexico City performances."

His consciousness of the artistry of the past cropped up when he offered me a preview of the *Turandot* recording he made recently with Joan Sutherland in the title role, Montserrat Caballé as Liù, and Zubin Mehta conducting, for release on the London label in a few months. Listening to his brilliant projection of Calaf's "Nessun dorma," I reacted by saying: "You know, you sound there more like Jussi Bjoerling than any tenor I have heard in years." He beamed the Pavarotti smile at me. "Before I made that recording, I heard every 'Nessun dorma' there is, and I decided the sound I would like to make for Calaf is Bjoerling's."

With such command of tonal resources and awareness of how to use them, one can only wait expectantly for Pavarotti's next "first" on the American scene: a debut recital in Carnegie Hall on February 18. Within a few days after it was announced in the fall, the box office was deluged with checks for tickets totaling more than $7,000, and the remaining seats have long since been sold out.

Thus there is no question that the venture will be a financial success. There remains the vexing question, "How will the Pavarotti personality and interpretative abilities bear the exposure to the concert hall, minus orchestra, scenery, and costume?" Pavarotti's choice of material by Bononcini, Handel, Scarlatti, Bellini, Verdi, Respighi, and Rossini is impeccable. If there are any artistic precedents to be consulted, the likelihood is that Pavarotti is acquainted with them. For an added incentive, the concert falls within days of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Caruso on February 23, 1873. This should take care of the inspirational element.

If Pavarotti should, indeed, salute the occasion with "Amor ti vieta" ("Love's law") from Giordano's *Fedora*, which Caruso sang so magnificently at its Milan premiere in 1898 and again at the Met when the work was introduced to America in 1906, that too would be in order, as a link in the chain of circumstances that links two of the most outgoing tenors in this century's lore of operatic artistry. □

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FILM & TELEVISION

Under the Wire

Each December Hollywood traditionally releases a blizzard of its supposedly best pictures of the year in order both to make them eligible for the Academy Awards in March and to draw the swarms of moviegoing shoppers and home-from-school kids. In the gray, damp week before this Christmas no fewer than eighteen new movies opened in New York. That five of the eighteen were American-made comedies suggests the beginnings of a trend toward comedy to follow the current run of violence-oriented black films, X-rated sex movies, and cheapie rip-offs of *The Godfather*.

Two of these comedies—George Cukor's *Travels With My Aunt* and Billy Wilder's *Avanti!*—were made by over-the-hill directors in a stale, anachronistic style left over from twenty-five years ago. Cukor's picture, which was adapted from a Graham Greene novel, is a pointless Auntie Mame sort of thing with only a few mildly diverting moments. In *Avanti!* Billy Wilder has lost his comic touch; the movie is an embarrassment, especially in those scenes in which Jack Lemmon, who is now well into middle-age, attempts frantically to exude boyish charm as if it were still 1953 and he were making *It Could Happen to You* with Judy Holliday.

Another of the new comedies, Martin Ritt's *Pete 'n' Tillie*, which has been adapted by Jules Epstein from *Witch's Milk*, a novella by Peter De Vries, starts out with tremendous promise. We meet Walter Matthau and Carol Burnett as a pair of aging singles who are thrown together by a friend and then drift into a charmingly comic love affair. As Pete, a sardonic, wisecracking punster, Matthau is at the top of his form; the role is ideally suited to his casual, ramshackle style of acting. Miss Burnett is equally right for the role of Tillie, an uptight, milk-drinking spinster with a nicely dry sense of humor. For the first half of *Pete 'n' Tillie*, I was laughing almost all of the time, but then, suddenly, after Matthau and Miss Burnett marry, the picture turns into a sentimental tearjerker out of the 1930s. Here's a tip: at the point in *Pete 'n' Tillie* when Matthau and Miss Burnett are in bed, and she says to him, "Okay, the honeymoon is over—it's time to get married," get up and walk out, for the honeymoon is over for the audience, as well. And, of course, half a comedy is better than none.

Barbra Streisand on the playground

Irvin Kershner's *Up the Sandbox*, which has been adapted by Paul Zindel from the women's lib novel by Anne Richardson Roiphe, stars Barbra Streisand as a kind of Upper West Side female Walter Mitty who has fantasies about having an affair with Fidel Castro (who in the picture turns out to be a woman), about helping a group of black militants to blow up the Statue of Liberty, and about being captured and killed by a tribe of African natives. As Margaret, the wife of a Columbia University professor and the pregnant mother of two children whom she herds in and out of the playground, Miss Streisand couldn't be more appealing, but the picture is almost never quite as amusing as one suspects it could have been. Curiously, the fantasy sequences fail to be funny at all. Margaret's parents' thirty-third wedding anniversary party, however, is itself worth the price of admission.

Okay. I've saved the best for last—Elaine May's *The Heartbreak Kid*, which is among the funniest American movies that I've seen in years. The film, written by Neil Simon from a short story by Bruce Jay Friedman, is a triumph of New York Jewish humor, which has become the dominant humor in all of the best of America's most recent comic films—one thinks of *Carnal Knowledge*, Miss May's earlier *A New Leaf*, Woody Allen's pictures, not to mention *Lovers and Other Strangers* and *The Producers*. Indeed, I have an idea that the American film comedy may be entering a new golden age as a result of the rise of the semi-surreal comedy of mishap, pain, insult, and desperation that is perhaps the only sort of comedy we're able genuinely to laugh at anymore.

The basic idea of *The Heartbreak Kid* is simplicity itself. Lenny (Charles Grodin), a young New York sporting-goods salesman, picks up a middle-class Jewish virgin, Lila (Jeannie Berlin), in an East Side singles bar and then more or less drifts into marrying her. On their honeymoon Lenny gradually realizes that he can't stand Lila—for one thing, she munches Milky Ways in bed after having made love. In Miami Beach Lila gets a severe case of sunburn that keeps her in bed, and that gives Lenny the opportunity to pursue a girl he's met on the beach, Kelly (Cybill Shepherd), a WASP goddess from Minneapolis. Lenny under-

Charles Grodin and Jeannie Berlin

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takes mad schemes to ditch and divorce Lila and at the same time to woo and to marry Kelly against the wishes of her stony-faced father (Eddie Albert). *The Heartbreak Kid* is hilarious, and yet tinged with an edge of cruelty, especially in a devastating scene in a seafood restaurant when Lennie breaks the news to Lila that he wants a divorce after less than a week of marriage. The film has a serious statement to make, about the catch-22 in everyone's life—when you finally get something that you've been striving for, you often discover that you don't want it. Getting there is all the fun.

The Heartbreak Kid is brilliantly performed, especially by Charles Grodin, whose career should take off from this picture in much the same way that Dustin Hoffman's took off from *The Graduate,* and by Jeannie Berlin, who is Elaine May's daughter and who looks and sounds almost exactly as her mother did fifteen years ago. The scenes between Grodin and Miss Berlin, in fact, remind you of early Nichols and May sketches. Finally, the producers of *The Heartbreak Kid* were right in bringing it out in time to be eligible for the 1972 Oscars; Miss May, Simon, Grodin, Miss Berlin, and Eddie Albert should certainly be up for nominations.

THOMAS MEEHAN

Rock Around the Tube

Two of the networks have tentative plans to give over some late hours to rock music, thereby grabbing a valuable young audience (and market). NBC has been working on two such programs. On February 3 it will premiere a show called *Midnight Special,* a regular Friday night rock program. which will run for ninety minutes after Johnny Carson's *Tonight Show.* In addition, NBC is planning to run a program called *Tomorrow* to follow the Carson show Monday through. Thursday nights. An experimental prototype was aired in August and proved quite successful.

ABC's experiments with rock programs have proved equally successful on some past Friday nights in Dick Cavett's time slot. The first of ABC's pilots, called *In Concert,* doubled the ratings normally achieved by Cavett. This encouraged ABC to contract Don Kirschner (creator of *The Monkees*) for several more for Friday nights.

The initial show was not without problems, however. Watching in Cincinnati, the president of Taft Broadcasting Corporation, Lawrence H. Rogers II, had had enough after eleven minutes and called his flagship station WKRC-TV with orders to cut it off. He thought that Alice Cooper's bizarre performance was just short of pornographic; in its place went an old rerun of *Rawhide.*

Almost immediately pickets gathered around the station, and in the next few days the station received some 3,000 phone calls and 1,000 letters, which ran approximately four to one against Rogers's decision. By popular demand the show was rescheduled for the next Saturday at 11:00 p.m., and the show began where it had left off—eleven minutes from the start.

Bizarre rocker Alice Cooper

Jack is Back—Too Far and Under Paar

Jack Paar's return to late-night television was a real show-stopper, but not in the usual sense. Watching it was like stepping back into the late Fifties when Paar was at his best, the days when women's lib, Vietnam, and endangered species had yet to make their mark on the American conscience, when home movies of his tiger cubs in Scarsdale or of Peggy Cass at the Berlin Wall were just enough to keep us from turning the channel. *Pace,* Paar, but times have changed. The talk show format has been refined, perhaps to death. It's no longer forgivable to ask a guest like Goldie Hawn to push the hair out of her eyes, hitch up her halter, or refrain from being too intelligent. And you can't expect to get away clean after saying you're all for women's lib "but I wouldn't want my daughter to marry one." At least this show spared us the old weepy-Jack routine, but we may catch it yet—at cancellation time.

JIM GAINES

SR RECOMMENDS

A selection of ten current films that the editors consider particularly interesting to readers of SR of The Arts. *( ) indicates the number of months a film has been on the list.*

CRIES AND WHISPERS—Ingmar Bergman's brooding and beautifully photographed film about a young woman dying of cancer in a lonely country house is yet another of his masterpieces, in the class of *Wild Strawberries* and *The Seventh Seal.*

SLEUTH—Gimmicky goings-on that may include murder in an isolated English manor house. You'll probably see through the main trick of the plot, but the picture is nonetheless worth seeing for the performances of a small cast led by Laurence Olivier and Michael Caine.

THE EMIGRANTS—This finely wrought film epic (the first of two parts) deals with the plight of mid-nineteenth century Swedish farmers and their flight to America. Liv Ullmann and Max von Sydow head an excellent cast. If you haven't seen this one yet, now is the time.

SOUNDER—Martin Ritt directed this moving and eloquent film about a black sharecropping family in the Louisiana of 1933, and about what love really means. With Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, and Kevin Hooks (son of Robert).

LAST TANGO IN PARIS—Bernardo Bertolucci's new and much-discussed film opens in New York early this month. It's about Paul (Marlon Brando as an emigre Midwesterner who's managed to survive a variety of odd jobs and years of globe-trotting) and Jeanne (Maria Schneider as a friskily sensuous ingenue) getting together in an empty apartment for X-rated sex. Brando gives one of his best performances to date in this devastating film. It's one you should not miss—if you're old enough.

THE HEARTBREAK KID—Written for the screen by Neil Simon and directed by Elaine May, this film tells what happens when a young sporting-goods salesman drifts in and out of marriage to a middle-class Jewish virgin. See review in this issue.

IMAGES—Robert Altman directed and wrote this story about a wife's attempt to cope with her fears, her men, and the delusions that surround her. It won Susannah York the Cannes Best Actress Award for her starring role; it may win you a bad night's sleep. (2)

FELLINI'S ROMA—An overwhelming aural-visual cinematic experience in the form of a love letter to the director's spiritual and actual home. (2)

THE DISCREET CHARM OF THE BOURGEOISIE—One of Buñuel's finest and funniest films, it puts on the forms and ambiguities of social life in France. (2)

LADY SINGS THE BLUES—Diana Ross is supreme as Billie Holiday. (2)

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Destiny Has No Prejudice

Persons who believe that the conjunction of stars casts a long shadow of influence upon those born under them might consider the circumstances that prevailed on June 20, 1946, when Leonard Bernstein was enjoying the opportunities that came to him after his sudden emergence from obscurity. Glenn Gould was an ambitious piano student in Toronto, and a GI stationed in Nuremberg became the father of a son, whom he named André. Something less than sixteen years later (January 31, 1963) the inability of Gould to fulfill an engagement with the New York Philharmonic prompted Bernstein to select André Watts as Gould's replacement and thus officially launch what is certain to become a notable career.

There were, to be sure, some intermediate steps. Such as the presentation, a few weeks before, on a youth program that was seen on national television, of Watts as soloist in the E-flat Concerto of Liszt under Bernstein's direction. It prompted several letters to this department with the single query, "Who is André Watts?" After his three performances of the same concerto before the orchestra's subscription public in Philharmonic Hall there remained no question who André Watts is. He is a bountifully gifted young man with a pianistic flair that begins where facility leaves off, with the special kinds of affinity for the instrument that defines him as one who thinks and feels "keyboard."

The foregoing, reproduced from *SR*, February 16, 1963, continued: "The distinctions of Watts relate to more than his rapid rise from soloist at a young people's concert to guest on the highest level. So far as recollection serves, Watts is the first instrumentalist of Negro descent to earn such an honor with the Philharmonic. Vocalists, of course, there have been in abundance, for nature's endowment of such as Roland Hayes, Marian Anderson, Leontyne Price, and Adele Addison is altogether familiar. . . . All of which has resulted in one more barrier being leveled, one more way made easier for the inevitable others to follow . . . . What else he may play as well as he plays Liszt is for the future to determine, but it is a future that is all brightness just now."

Ten years of that future is now past, and the Watts of 1973 has moved steadily to demonstrate that there are many things he plays as well as he plays Liszt. The most recent of them was the G-major Concerto of Beethoven (*SR of The Sciences*, February 1973). Its only connection with Liszt is the latter's great admiration for the work of his predecessor, and his oft-quoted likening of the slow movement to the dialogue of Orpheus and the furies. Watts still has some distance to go before he commands every detail of Beethoven's most subtle concerto. But that, after all, is what art is all about—the pursuit of perfection that becomes more elusive the closer one approaches it.

What was singular about Watts's emergence was, of course, the intercession of chance. The nagging thought must, from time to time, come to him—when he encounters a contemporary of 1963 less favored than himself—"There but for the grace of Gould go I." He did, to be sure, have to prove himself worthy of the chance that came to him. —but where would he have been without the chance? Certainly he would not be where he is today—well known, well booked, and well established, with the highest accolade of all to meditate upon: a bootleg recording of his most recent New York recital on the black market.

Such an accident as befell Watts may not occur more often than once in a decade—and the time has rolled around for a recurrence. In fact, that was the set of circumstances that projected Schuyler Chapin into the general manager's office at the Metropolitan Opera after Göran Gentele's sudden death.

In its own way, this is another instance of destiny pre-empting prejudice. With Watts, there was one kind of breakthrough to be accomplished, against the color barrier. With Chapin, it was different, but hardly less formidable: the longstanding conviction that only Europeans have the schooling, or the discipline, or whatever—mostly whatever—to satisfy the criteria of a Metropolitan Opera board.

Chance, destiny, call it what you will, has taken care of that. Chapin has held a loosely knit season (mostly planned by Rudolf Bing) together for the most critical half season of the 1972/73 schedule. He has been drawing plans and negotiating talent for as far ahead as 1976. He has done a hard job well. If destiny truly knows no prejudice, neither should his employers at the Met.

IRVING KOLODIN

Leonard Bernstein rehearses with André Watts prior to his 1963 debut.

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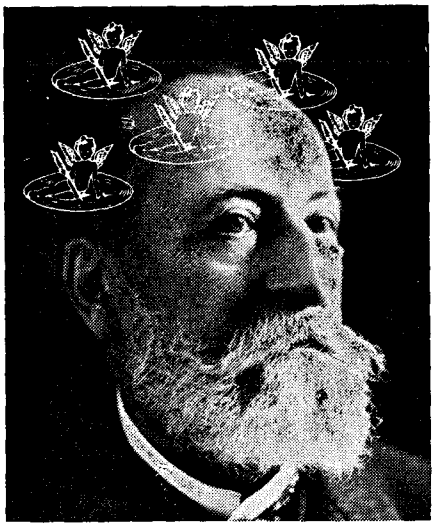
Classical Recordings:

Five by Saint-Saëns



SAINT-SAENS: Concertos (Nos. 1–5); Septet in E-flat (Op. 65); Etude en forme de valse (Op. 56). Aldo Ciccolini, piano; and Jean Laforge, piano; Serge Baudo conducting the Orchestre de Paris. Seraphim, SIC-6081, $8.98.

Aldo Ciccolini may be the first pianist since Camille Saint-Saëns himself to practice and perform these five works, the most concertos by a French composer in the repertory. He is certainly the first to record them, with substantial interest as well as considerable pleasure to those with an appetite for less than *haute cuisine.*

That is not to say that there is any deficiency of taste in the five works Saint-Saëns wrote between 1858 and 1896. It is, rather, that in this nearly forty-year period Saint-Saëns produced so varied a quantity of music in every form that he sometimes became more concerned with his skills in whipping up a dish than with what went into it.

No. 1, which bears the opus number 17, is like the others not merely *klaviermässig,* as the Germans say of works well written for the instrument, but also *langspielgültig* (which is to say, exactly long enough to fit one side of an LP disc). As his first venture into so venturesome a category as the piano concerto, it shows the young (then twenty-two) composer demonstrating an appropriately inclusive knowledge of what had been done in the field before.

No. 2, written ten years later, is the much-played, oft-admired G-minor, of which the late Sigismond Stokowski, pedagogue and wit, said: "It begins with Bach and ends with Offenbach." Both qualities, however, are seen as filtered through the perceptive mind of a man who probably knew as much music as any composer who ever lived. In No. 3, of 1869, the effort, clearly, is to produce an innovative work, bristling with originality. It tends, however, to be somewhat redundantly attached to its own ideas.

No. 4, in C minor, which followed half a dozen years later, is more relaxed in its quest of originality and, as a result, does indeed bristle with it. Two movements take the place of the usual four, but within them are comprehended the tempo and temperamental contrasts of such a multi-movement structure. Amid the sparks it throws are a few that landed ten years later on the drier terrain of César Franck and caused the uncommonly luminous outburst (for him) called *Variations symphoniques.* This would have been enough to round out anyone's concerto quota, but Saint-Saëns decided in 1896 to celebrate his fiftieth year as a public pianist by writing, at sixty, an anniversary piece.

Ciccolini, who seems to have found a French connection of his own through his recording of all the works of Erik Satie, plays the works with enormous facility, flair, and feeling for the best of what each contains. He also provides a solo encore of quality in the *Etude en forme de valse.* It is a rather more lively part of Side 6 than the Trumpet Septet, for which Jean Laforge is an able alternative to Ciccolini and Antoine La Gorce the capable brass soloist.

Midwinter Night's Bream

WORKS BY BYRD, CUTTING, DOWLAND, AND FRANCESCO CANOVA DA MILANO (including "Greensleeves"). Julian Bream, lute. RCA, LSC-3331, $5.98.

The cover art of this album, which shows Julian Bream and lute beside a woodland pool, is all right as far as it goes—which is to say, far enough to illustrate the title derived from Byrd's treatment of the sixteenth-century tune "The Woods So Wild" favored by Henry VIII (among others). But the real range of Bream's magic would be illustrated by a shot of him seated in Piccadilly or Times Square with traffic coursing all around him.

For, in a time of noise in polluted form both outdoors and indoors, Bream has restored to currency an instrument whose voice, unaided, can hardly be heard across a crowded ballroom. Its power to enchant has, of course, been greatly enhanced by the microphone, but it is the art of Bream that really erases the centuries.

Here it is applied, in part, to eight fantasies by Canova da Milano, a lutenist of the sixteenth century whose mastery was greatly admired in England. A superb version of "Greensleeves" by Francis Cutting (c. 1600) is a particular bonus of a Bream of an album.

Shostakovich Satisfied

SHOSTAKOVICH: Symphony No. 15. Eugene Ormandy conducting The Philadelphia Orchestra. RCA Quadradisc, ARDI 0014 B, $11.96.

In the brief time since the latest of Shostakovich's symphonies was introduced to America some clarification of its content has begun to emerge. In his comment with the first recording, the work's sponsor, Eugene Ormandy, notes that the citation from Wagner's *Ring* is, indeed, from *Die Götterdämmerung* rather than *Die Walküre* (*SR,* Oct. 21, 1972). In his annotation Arthur Cohn enumerates the Second, Fourth, and Seventh symphonies of Shostakovich as among the works to which the composer makes reference in his Fifteenth.

In totality, then, it is clearly with matters autobiographical that Shostakovich is dealing, in a kind of *Aus meinem Leben* with a different flavor than Smetana's. Which events and in what context they are juxtaposed remain to be defined. What is abundantly evident is that Shostakovich has not in a long time so relished writing music as in this symphony. The previously admired performance of Ormandy and The Philadelphia Orchestra is beautifully reproduced.

Brief Reviews

BEETHOVEN: Folk Song Arrangements. Edith Mathis, soprano; Alexander Young, tenor; and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; with Karl Engel, piano; Andreas Rohn, violin; and Georg Donderer, cello. DG, 2430 262, $6.98.

A by-product, no doubt, of DG's monumental Beethoven project for the 1970 bicentenary of his birth, this compilation brings together fourteen of the arrangements of Scottish and Irish folk songs made by the master at the commission of the publisher George Thompson of Edinburgh. Designed for the "house music" tastes of the time, they make simplistic exercises for the fastidi-

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ous artistry of Miss Mathis and her two male colleagues. Of outstanding musical interest are the versions of "Faithfu' Johnie," "The Elfin Fairies," and "The Miller of the Dee," which are almost Schubertian.

HANDEL: Ballet Music from Alcina, Ariodante, and Pastor Fido. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields conducted by Neville Marriner. Argo, ZRG 686, $5.95.
This month's addition to the growing file of prizable discs by the excellent "Academy" (orchestra) conducted by Neville Marriner includes delectable tunes, bracing rhythms, and stately periods that have enticed conductors from Mengelberg to Beecham. Marriner's accomplishment is not out of place in that company.

LISZT: Die Hunnenschlacht, Orpheus, and Mazeppa. Zubin Mehta conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. London, CS-6738, $5.98.
Few conductors can resist the invitation to battle posed by Liszt's tone poems, especially the grandiose one depicting "The Battle of the Huns," in which Attila was the victim of a TKO. To Mehta's credit, he and the orchestra do their best by *Mazeppa,* which has more music than the other two combined. Nobody needs a hearing aid for this kind of voluminous recording.

MAHLER: Das Lied von der Erde. Georg Solti conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra with Yvonne Minton, mezzo; and Rene Kollo, tenor. London, OS-26292, $5.98.
The finely formed orchestral detail admired in last year's live performances in Chicago and elsewhere is the special distinction of Solti's direction. However, the vocalists are again insufficient (though the pair heard in Carnegie Hall was Shirley Verrett and Stuart Burrows). Miss Minton is light at both ends of her range, Kollo strained throughout.

ROSSINI: "Largo al factotum" and "Dunque io son"* (Il Barbiere di Siviglia); plus other operatic excerpts. Titta Ruffo, baritone (*with Maria Falvany). RCA Victrola mono, VIC-1680, $2.98.
Amid a variety of recent reissues honoring Eileen Farrell, Helen Traubel, Dorothy Kirsten, and others, this one is *sui generis.* Ruffo (1877–1953) was the authentic "big baritone" of this century, setting a style emulated by many others, including the late Leonard Warren. Here the growth of the voice from volatile (in the *Barbiere* excerpts of 1907) to voluminous ("Do Not Weep, Child" from Anton Rubinstein's *The Demon* of 1922) is traced in absorbing detail. George Jellinek's annotation honors both his opportunity and his responsibility. Astonishingly good transfers from the acoustic 78s, for which Edwin Begley is responsible.

SCHOENBERG: Concerto (Op. 36). Zvi Zeitlin, Violin Concerto (Op. 42). Alfred Brendel, piano. Both with the Symphony Orchestra of the Bavarian Radio conducted by Rafael Kubelik. DG, 2530 257, $6.98.
The super diligent Zeitlin makes an uncommonly persuasive case for the Schoenberg Violin Concerto, aided no little by the retrogression it embodies from the extremes of the composer's self-invented doctrine. The Piano Concerto remains a snarl of what Pierre Boulez might call "aural over-information."

STRAVINSKY: Symphony in C; Concerto in F (revision of 1946); Circus Polka. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. DG, 2530 267, $6.98.
Karajan does as well with this literature as is available to him by diligent application of his highly sophisticated musical faculties. That is to say, about as well as such a Stravinsky expert as Pierre Boulez does with the music of Beethoven. In both instances the intangibles of timbre, inflection, and emphasis that make for flavor are lacking.

WAGNER: Overture to Die Meistersinger. DEBUSSY: Prelude a l'apres-midi d'un faune. *GLAZUNOV: Concerto in A Minor. BRAHMS: Symphony No. 1. TCHAIKOVSKY: Marche Slav. Leopold Stokowski conducting the London Symphony, *with Silvia Marcovici, violin. London Phase 4, SPC 21090-1, $11.96.
In addition to celebrating Stokowski's debut with the LSO sixty years before (with the same program), this reproduction of a full concert in Royal Festival Hall on June 14, 1972, may be the first such memento ever of a conductor past ninety (at that age Casals never did such a concert). The Wagner and Debussy performances are somewhat sedate, but the Brahms No. 1 is standard Stokowski, and the performance of the Glazunov (including the effort of Silvia Marcovici) among the best now available. Who, among today's conductors, would apply Stokowski's kind of effort to the *Marche Slav*? Those unacquainted with the subject may doubt that he ever had the leonine look of the youthful photos in the handsome brochure, but he was a Leo all the way.

SR RECOMMENDS

A selection of ten current classical recordings that the editors consider particularly interesting to readers of SR *of The Arts. ( ) indicates the number of months a record has been on the list.*

ARGENTO: Letters From Composers. Vern Sutton, tenor; Jeffrey Van, guitar. CRI, SD-291, $5.95. Schumann, Chopin, Schubert, and others are the "lyricists" for Dominick Argento's fanciful settings. (2)

CONCERT AT HUNTER COLLEGE. Victoria de los Angeles and Alicia de Larrocha. Angel, S-36896, $5.98. Two ladies make music worthy of a dozen. (2)

DEBUSSY: Estampes; Pour le piano; Images I and II. Michel Beroff, piano. Angel, S-36874, $5.98. Youthful aptitude at its most persuasive.

MOZART: Symphonies Nos. 25 and 29. Neville Marriner conducts. Argo, ZRG-706, $5.95. The beginning of the bigger symphonic Mozart, period-proportioned.

SCARLATTI, A.: The Spanish Lady and the Roman Cavalier. Fiorenza Cossotto and Lorenzo Alvary. Richmond, SR-33153, $2.98. The birth of buffo, with laughter rather than tears. Expert performance revived from the "Dali in Venice" happening of 1962.

SCHUMANN: Songs (Op. 35). Martti Talvela. London, OS-26240, $5.98. Impressive rumblings by a singer of the lowest, rather than the highest, promise. (2)

TCHAIKOVSKY: Songs. Robert Tear, tenor. Argo, ZRG-707, $5.95. A productive blend of British restraint and Slavic excess.

WAGNER: Tristan und Isolde. Jon Vickers, Helga Dernesch, others. Herbert von Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic. Angel, SEL-3777, $29.98. Exquisite agony, opulently entombed. (2)

WEBER: Symphony No. 1. CHERUBINI: Symphony in D. Wilfried Boettcher conducting the New Philharmonia. Philips, 6500 154, $6.98. Advantageous pairing of two engaging oddities.

VERDI: Requiem. Mirella Freni, Christa Ludwig, Carlo Cossutta, and Nicolai Ghiaurov; with von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic and Wiener Singverein. DG, 2707 065, $13.96. All-star ensemble imposingly reproduced.

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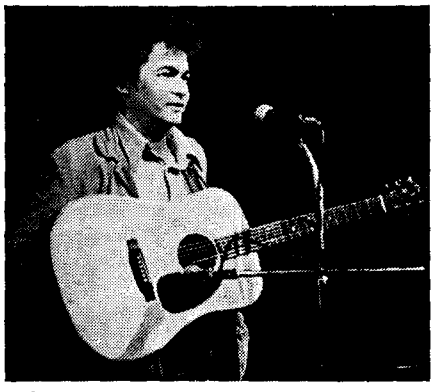
Pop Recordings:

Prine, Kristofferson, Green, and Wonder

JOHN PRINE: Diamonds in the Rough (Atlantic SD 7240), $5.98
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON: Jesus Was a Capricorn (Monument KZ 31909), $5.98
AL GREEN: I'm Still in Love With You (Hi XSHL 32074), $5.98
STEVIE WONDER: Talking Book (Tamla T319L), $5.98

The past two decades have seen the integration of black music with the mainstream of American pop, but Country and Western has remained a discrete category. Why is anybody's guess. Geography probably has a lot to do with it—the relative distance of the centers of country music from the cosmopolitan melting pots—as well as urbane condescension toward a style that is too easily dismissed as provincial and reactionary. Not many records by acknowledged C&W superstars cross over into the pop market. And, conversely, country-styled records of pop stars like Bob Dylan, though they seem "authentic" to urban audiences, do *not* seem so to hardcore C&W audiences. Two cases in point are John Prine and Kris Kristofferson, both highly touted successors to Bob Dylan in the making of "relevant" country music.

Prine and Kristofferson have much in common: naturalistic singing styles that owe a lot to the early Dylan and to Johnny Cash, respectively, and lyric themes that evoke rural and/or working-class sensibilities. Released in 1971, Prine's first solo album was an impressive debut. It consisted almost entirely of depressing dramatic monologues by lower-middle-class archetypes that, taken together, were meant to describe a social tragedy. Prine received special attention from social critics, such as Jack Newfield, who saw in his work a revival of the Sixties' protest tradition.



John Prine

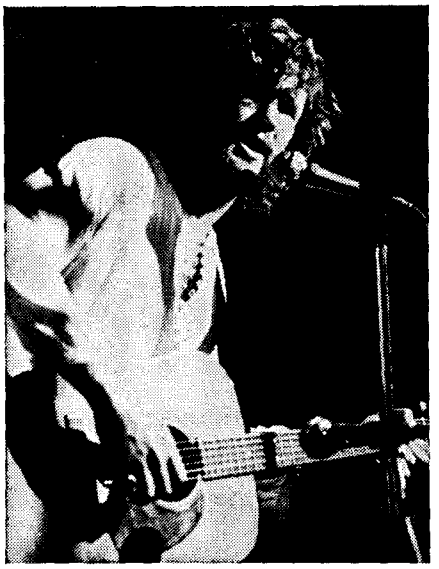
Diamonds in the Rough, Prine's second album, is, however, a disappointment. Since Prine is not a distinguished melodist (as Dylan is), his songs ultimately stand or fall on the incisiveness of their lyrics; here they fall. A striking similarity between the new Prine and Kristofferson albums is their exploration of Christianity. In the opening cut of *Diamonds*, "Everybody," Prine engages in an imaginary dialogue with Jesus. After Jesus does most of the talking (Prine can hardly get a word in edgewise), Prine comments wryly: "Everybody needs somebody that they can talk to/Someone to open up their ears/And let that trouble through/Now you don't have to sympathize/Or care what they may do/But everybody needs somebody that they can talk to." The album closes with a traditional sidewalk hymn, the title cut (by A. P. Carter), sung in three-part *a cappella* by John and David Prine, with Steve Goodman. Sandwiched between the prologue and the epilogue are eleven songs peopled with faithless women, sailors, hobos, and the like, all placed in a landscape of cheap bars, empty railroad stations, and drive-in movie theaters.

Prine's songs invariably are suffused with pessimism and bitterness. Since the gloom they evoke is nearly absolute, there appears to be a kind of condescending oversimplification underlying Prine's work that makes it more attractive to the urban sophisticates he *is not* writing about than to the victimized Middle Americans that he *is*.

Unlike Prine, Kris Kristofferson seldom plays the role of social commentator. He came into prominence as the author of "Me and Bobby McGee," Janis Joplin's posthumous hit. With its memorable catch phrase, "Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose," this great song generated expectations that Kristofferson has not lived up to. *Jesus Was a Capricorn* is his fourth and weakest album.

Prior to *Jesus*, Kristofferson's self-made image was that of a hard-drinking, hard-loving man-of-the-road, a rustic cosmopolite and earthy philosopher of romantic disillusionment. While *Jesus* belies that image, it offers little to replace it. It is Kristofferson's most slickly produced album, involving more than forty musicians (including a string section), and has Kris singing in an unusually gentle manner. The format of *Jesus* is remarkably similar to Prine's *Diamonds*. The best song is the title cut, a blunt comment on tolerance: "Jesus was a Capricorn/He ate organic foods/He believed in love and peace/And never wore no shoes." The song culminates in one of Kristofferson's pithier phrases: "Everybody's gotta have somebody to look down on." Two other songs—Larry Gatlin's "Help Me" and Kristofferson's "Why Me?"—carry forward the album's religious implications. The latter, which closes the album, nearly amounts to a confession of faith: "Lord help me, Jesus/I've wasted it/So help me, Jesus/I know what I am."

The several long songs on *Jesus* are uncharacteristically tentative and gentle for Kristofferson. "Give It Time to Be Tender" (coauthored with Donnie Frith) is the first Kristofferson song ever to express fear of love. Another ballad, "Enough for You," contradicts Kristofferson's established *macho* image with its expression of personal inadequacy and vulnerability in a relationship: "I've loved enough to know that love's not everything you need/And God knows I know there are still so many things you want to be."



Kris Kristofferson

For all their faults, Prine and Kristofferson are better-than-average singer/songwriters. Kristofferson is the more tuneful; Prine, though not the facile phrase-maker that Kristofferson is, probes more deeply into his subjects to unearth a socially rooted *Angst*. In the long run, neither Prine nor Kristofferson shows the capacity to transmute sorrow into rage or resignation into love as Dylan has done so often and so well.

In sharp contrast to the torpor of Prine's and Kristofferson's approaches to C&W music, new albums by Al Green and Stevie Wonder both testify to the continuing vitality and increased sophistication of soul. Of the two, Green, who records in Memphis, represents "tradition," while Wonder continues to be a musical progressive.

Green rocketed to stardom in 1971 with the hit single "Tired of Being Alone," and he followed it up with an even bigger hit, "Let's Stay Together." He was the best-selling male soul artist of 1972 in both the single and LP categories—a refreshing instance of excellence recognized, for he is the most

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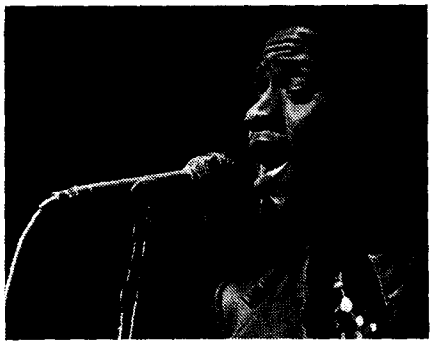
technically accomplished soul singer to emerge since Otis Redding. Though his singing is stylistically very similar to Redding's, his overall sound is softer and more tender.

With drummer Al Jackson and producer Willie Mitchell, Green has coauthored most of the material on this new album, *I'm Still in Love With You.*



Al Green

The songs are slight, but Green's renditions invest them with an extraordinary expressiveness. When he climbs into his agile, melismatic falsetto, twining his voice around a single phrase, Green manages to communicate an almost magical intimacy. Typical accompaniment is light and funky with spare use of strings, horns, and backup voices. The high points of *I'm Still in Love With You* are the hit singles "Look What You Done for Me" and the title cut. Although Green's albums lack the visceral appeal of Redding's, Green is probably superior to Redding in bringing out the essence of the soul ballad —tough/tender romanticism that is moving but not mawkish.

Stevie Wonder's music, although far more complex and ambitious than Green's, has much the same emotional impact. In the past two years he has emerged as perhaps the foremost exponent of soul. It's hard to believe that Wonder, now only in his early twenties, has been a star for almost ten years. In *Talking Book*, his third and latest self-produced album, he continues the exploration of new instrumental modes and textures that he undertook on his last album, *Music of My Mind.* All of the music and most of the lyrics are by Wonder. Every cut is a colorfully multi-tracked sonic canvas making heavy use of synthesizer. The result is a rewarding album, dominated by several compelling love songs, the idyllic aspirations of which are expressed by their titles: "You Are the Sunshine of My Life," "You and I (We Can Conquer the World)," "I Believe (When I Fall in Love It Will Be Forever)," and Lookin' for Another Pure Love." Only one cut, the excellent hit single "Superstition," has the discothèque flash characteristic of Wonder's middle period, which climaxed with the classic *Signed, Sealed & Delivered* album of 1970. *Talking Book* is handsomely packaged with Braille on the cover and the inside jacket, and Wonder photographed in Afro-American costume. In every respect it is the most mature, though not the most accessible, album to date by a prodigious figure in pop music.

STEPHEN HOLDEN

The Original Billie Holiday

BILLIE HOLIDAY: Strange Fruit. Atlantic, SD 1614.
Gallant Lady. Monmouth-Evergreen, MES 7046.

The success of Diana Ross in *Lady Sings the Blues*, however unrelated to reality that film may be, has had the expected effect: a reissue of some prime examples of its real-life "heroine" Billie Holiday. That is all to the good (she was one of the greatest jazz singers), as long as one doesn't treat self-destruction as an act to be imitated.

The two collections presently in new release exemplify admirably, for documentary purposes, the early and late phases of Holiday's mastership (there was an even earlier phase of brilliant apprenticeship, which can be found in Columbia's "Golden Years" collection). The earlier runs a gamut from "I'll Get By" to "My Old Flame" to "Fine and Mellow," etc., as recorded for the Commodore label, with an ensemble of her jazz peers, in 1944. Here the voice is solid and secure, the beat impeccable, the enunciation pungent.

In the later, originally on Verve, the toll of a decade is all too evident. Recorded live in Boston's Storyville, the voice is husky, more a monotone than a pitched instrument, the texts being recited mostly against the support of an unidentified pianist. Those who relish aural disintegration will consider it a great "document." With the exception of "I Cover the Waterfront," "Lover, Come Back to Me," and, of course, "Strange Fruit," the thirty items are all different.

IRVING KOLODIN

SR RECOMMENDS

A selection of ten current pop recordings that the editors consider particularly interesting to readers of SR of The Arts. *( ) indicates the number of months a record has been on the list.*

WOODY ALLEN: The Night Club Years —1964–1968. United Artists, UAS 9968, $6.98. Woody's great routines, distilled from three long-unavailable albums into a double set. It's all words, but music to the ears of those who appreciate genius.

MOSE ALLISON: Mose in Your Ear. Atlantic, SD1627, $5.98. The unique bluesman ranges from a classic "You Are My Sunshine" to the avant-garde "Powerhouse," an 8:40 piano solo. Recorded live.

AZTECA: Columbia, KC 31776, $5.98, An electric seventeen-piece Latin-rock-Jazz band that cooks like a laser beam. A dynamite debut album.

RAY BRYANT: Alone at Montreux. Atlantic, SD 1626, $5.98. Sometimes funky, sometimes reflective solo jazz piano, recorded live at the Montreux, Switzerland, jazz festival last year. Impeccable free improvisation on his "Little Susie" and "Cubano Chant," plus "Greensleeves," "Until It's Time for You to Go," the blues, and so on.

KENNY BURRELL: 'Round Midnight. Fantasy, 9417, $5.98. A clean and lyrical collection of seven ballads by a master of the hollow-body electric guitar. First-rate songs (Thelonious Monk's title tune, "I Think It's Going to Rain Today," "Since I Fell for You"), tasteful accompaniment, unsurpassed elegance of style.

JONI MITCHELL: For the Roses. Asylum, SD5057, $5.98. Gorgeous melodies and lyrics from one of the most productive writer-performers in the field. (2)

LAURA NYRO: The First Songs. Columbia, KC31410, $5.98. A repackaging of the fine Verve Forecast album, unavailable for several years. Includes "Wedding Bell Blues," "Stoney End," "And When I Die," etc. Laura at her best.

EARL SCRUGGS AND THE EARL SCRUGGS REVUE: Live at Kansas State. Columbia, KC 31758, $5.98. The first album by this band of instrumental virtuosos. Good-time music in the best sense; not even remotely limited to country music fans.

CARLY SIMON: No Secrets. Elektra, 75049, $5.98. The beauteous Carly fulfills her promise both as songwriter and singer. Number-one album in the country soon after it appeared.

TOMMY: London Symphony Orchestra and Chambre Choir with Guest Soloists. Ode, SP 99001, $12.98. The Who's excellent "rock opera," expanded but not dissipated, with Peter Townshend, Steve Winwood, Richie Havens, Merry Clayton, Roger Daltry, Ringo Starr, Rod Stewart, Richard Harris. (2)

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VISUAL ARTS

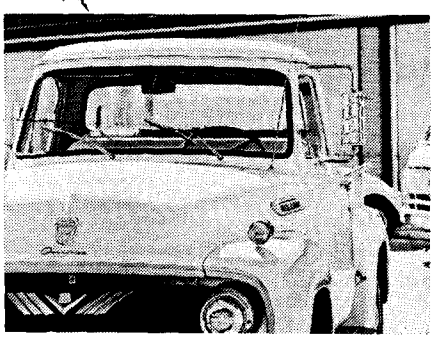
Painting: The Return to Realism

New Yorkers have recently seen two shows that mark the full return of realism in painting. One, "The Realist Revival," organized by Scott Burton, will soon tour the country (places and dates are listed below).

Appropriately enough, both "The Realist Revival" and another show that won't tour, "Realism Now," were on exhibit at the New York Cultural Center, a museum that Huntington Hartford planned in the late 1950s as a temple to realism during a period when the rest of the art world was enthralled with nonobjective painting. Now Hartford no longer owns the museum, but the realism he championed has become one of the most accepted modernist styles.

One wonders, however, whether the new realism could possibly bring much comfort to the old enemies of abstract art. Perhaps they might approve of William Bailey's handsome *Still Life* of eggs and a blue-and-white bowl, so cool, so reminiscent of Vermeer's clarity and precision. They might also be pleased by Philip Pearlstein's operatic *Male and Female Nudes Reclining.* But for most of the other painters represented, reality seems to be a threat, rather than an invitation, to perception.

One way, apparently, to ward off this threat is to make what is real . . . abstract! Yvonne Jacquette's *Fluorescent Light in Space,* for instance, shows a fixture against a ceiling crisscrossed by electrical conduits, but these objects, despite the fact that they are observed with scrupulous accuracy, are placed in a composition so forbiddingly formal that we soon see the canvas as nothing more than vertical and horizontal lines; a latter-day Mondrian.



Similarly, Ralph Goings's *Ford Overdrive* pictures part of a pick-up truck with such extreme foreshortening and attention to pattern that the whole work is an illustrated lecture of thrust (the aerial) and counterthrust (the windshield wipers), of repeated rhythmic elements (the steering wheel, the fenders), and so on.

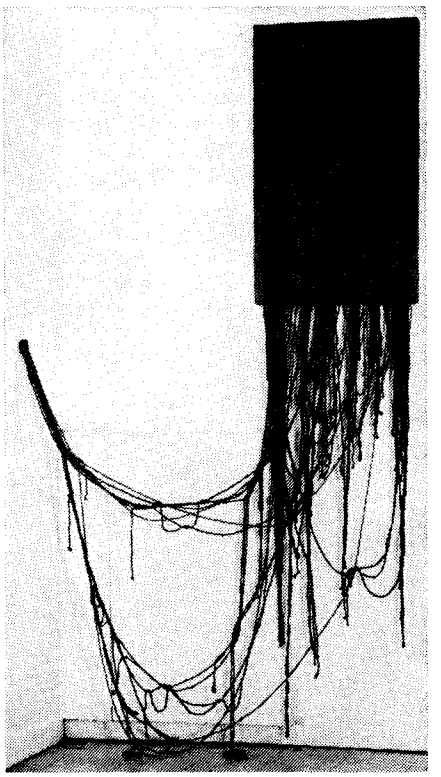
My point is that the new realism is not narrative, is not even anecdotal, and it certainly is not beguiling. If the everyday world is not being held at bay through rigid patterning, it's being viewed from the lofty, and rather sterile, height of predictable satire. Tacky green deck chairs, tatty palm trees, a banal family portrait (against more palm trees), or a trailer-park dance (showing repulsive couples in swimsuits and, naturally, still more palm trees)—all catalogue the failed glamour of American life in a thoroughly familiar way. For some years now painters and critics alike have been waiting for the next big movement. There may never again be a single school that will push all other efforts aside; we may be entering a new period of stylistic pluralism. Time will tell, but one thing 1972 has shown us is that realism has not come back in a big way. EDMUND WHITE

The Realist Revival:
Feb. 25 to March 18—The State University at Plattsburgh, New York
April 8–29—Ohio University at Athens, Ohio
July 1–29—J. B. Speed Art Museum, Louisville, Kentucky
Sept. 2–30—The State College, Kutztown, Pennsylvania

Sculpture: The Eva Hesse Memorial Exhibition

Eva Hesse was an important participant in a phase of intense experimentation that drastically changed the look of 1960s art. Then, two years ago, she died tragically, prematurely, of a brain tumor at the age of thirty-four. Hers was a short career, but an ambitious and influential one that, particularly toward the end, developed with extraordinary impetus. It resulted in a body of work that fused intensely felt expressiveness, poetic metaphor, and precise formal discipline. A memorial exhibition covering the last five years of her life is currently touring the nation.

Hesse's art, although always three-dimensional (except, of course, for the drawings), is not exactly sculpture. Retaining strong affinities to painting, it tends to defy categorization. Many of her works hug the wall, adopting painting's rectangular format; others lie on the floor or are strung across the room. Fragile, vulnerable, often random and irregular in form, they evolved at a time when the bold geometries, as well as the intellectual certainties, of the Minimal style that dominated the mid-1960s were dissolving.



Ennead, *1966, string and papier-mache*

Along with many of her colleagues, Hesse adopted substances and techniques that had not been associated with art before. Her work, however, is quite distinct in its sensibility from that of other artists who developed along related lines. Using latex, rope, fiberglass, rubber tubing—most of which are malleable, limp, and soft or look as if they are—she developed her own vocabulary of nonrigid forms. These materials are molded, poured, dripped, draped, and hung loosely, often letting gravity determine the way they fall.

Programed into all her pieces is the risky, fertile element of chance: she courted a kind of controlled disorder, exploiting on a new scale and with new physicality the methods already used so well by the Surrealists as well as by the Abstract-Expressionist painters of the 1950s.

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VISUAL ARTS

Although Eva Hesse had studied at Yale with the Bauhaus master Josef Albers, her own work was resolutely eccentric and Surrealist until well into the mid-Sixties. This show begins in 1965 with these smallish, early objects that are obsessively crafted, shinily painted, erotic—often adorned with dangling tentacles. If one is to take issue with any aspect of this show, it would be the inclusion of so many of these fetishistic, formally uncertain early pieces (although the early drawings are calm and exquisite, with none of the objects' grotesquerie).

A new breadth and discipline entered her work through the pressure of the Minimal stylistic influences of Sol LeWitt, Carl Andre, Robert Morris, and Richard Serra. Serially repeated units, modular compositions, and grid schemes provided a firmer scaffolding, both visually and intellectually, for her increasingly evocative forms and techniques. A palette newly restricted to graduated grays and tans freed her to employ a more complex, nuanced, tonal range than before.

Her work reached its peak during her last two years, attaining an unconventionality of technique and conception that is sometimes breathtaking. This late style ranges from strict order to deliberate near-chaos with its sinewy, austere geometrics, hanging panels of loose, painterly density, and expressionistically tangled linear webs.

By this time, all applied color is gone. And yet, paradoxically, there is a varied monochromatic richness, attained solely through the streaking, clotting, or stretching of raw material. Light falls across surfaces and through webs, defining form, shadow, translucent edge.

While it is tempting, in the light of her biography, to see Eva Hesse's achievement in terms of a dramatic personal analogy (her life *was* dramatic, her work *is* expressionistic, at times projecting an illusive, romantic pathos), its innovative stress, one ought to realize, places it firmly in the context of an evolving style, arrived at according to the rules of a particular art situation, at a particular moment in art history. The decisions that run through her work, in all its stages of investigation, discovery, and flux, reflect a temperament that was, beyond emotion and sensibility, strikingly intelligent, cool, and independent.

ELIZABETH C. BAKER

The exhibition, at the Guggenheim Museum in New York until February 11, will tour the following cities (all dates are approximate):
Albright-Knox Art Gallery, Buffalo, New York, March 9, 1973–mid-April
Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago, Illinois, May 19, 1973–July 1
Pasadena Art Museum, Pasadena, California, September 18, 1973–November 11
University Art Museum, Berkeley, California, November 1973–January 1974

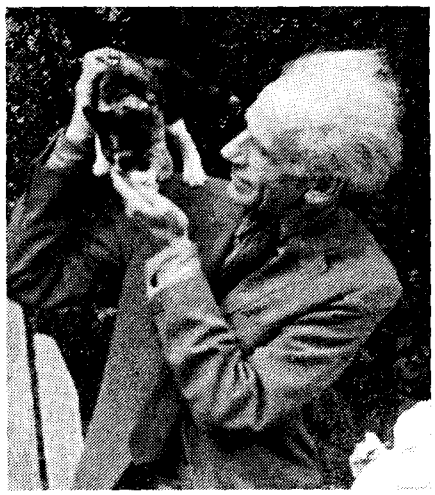
Cut-rate Curators

Museum curators are seeing red over a recent survey conducted by the New York State Association of Museums. The study reveals what only their creditors knew before—that museum curators in New York State are paid as a group less than sanitation workers or schoolteachers. Keepers at zoos, who are not always required to be high school graduates, earn a median of $8,750 per year, about $100 more than curators at history museums, who usually must have master's or doctor's degrees.

Tiffany heir Thomas Hoving, director of New York's Metropolitan Museum (being consoled in the picture by Barbra Streisand), does not appear to feel the pinch. In fact, people with independent incomes have been a traditional source of manpower for museums. This is fortunate since, despite most curators' status as family people with many years of experience in their fields, they generally earn too little to afford the $10,971 "intermediate budget" for an urban family of four set by the U.S. Department of Labor—to say nothing of means for satisfying their exquisite and hard-won tastes

Joseph Cornell: December 24, 1903–December 29, 1972

Seventeen days of peculiar silence followed the death of Joseph Cornell. The *New York Times* ran an unsigned obituary on New Year's Day, when even eccentrics skip reading the paper. There were no eulogies or appreciations in the places one normally expects to see them. Then, on January 15, the silence



was broken by a memorial service at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was attended by artists, critics, all of the art world magnates. Among these normally scrappy tastemakers, there is an unusual consensus about the talents of Joseph Cornell: for nearly four decades he has been regarded as one of the great American sculptors of his time.

The lack of publicity after Cornell's death was perhaps a tribute to an extremely retiring man whose life was, on the surface, remarkably uneventful. He moved only once, in 1917, from Nyack, New York, to Utopia Parkway in Queens, a distance of about thirty miles. He never went to college or traveled abroad or married. He lived with his mother and his invalid brother until their deaths, and held only one regular job, a pre-Depression stint as a salesman in his father's textile business. During the last quarter-century, despite his fame, he rarely appeared in public or received guests.

Cornell's visual vocabulary never changed. He made open wooden boxes about twelve by fifteen by four inches deep in which he arranged objects—alphabet blocks, seashells, bits of paper, cloth, and wood—in assemblages that are spontaneous and at the same time inevitable. His genius lay in his ability to see through the eyes of a child unclouded by experience. He found significance in ordinary objects and detected secret affinities among them.

Cornell's work has frequently been linked with the Surrealists. But, as *The New Yorker* art critic Harold Rosenberg once observed, Cornell had more in common temperamentally with New England spareness and transcendentalism, as expressed in these lines from Emily Dickinson:

If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls,
And put them each in separate drawers,
Until their time befalls.

MARILYN BETHANY

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PERFORMING ARTS

Vaudeville Valentine

Early in his remarkable career Neil Simon used to express surprise that, despite limitations in his talent, his plays proved as successful as they did. Simon's surprise appeared genuine, and that same unpretentiousness one found in his self-evaluation turned out to be a most useful tool in his playwriting. Simon took recognizable, contemporary situations and embroidered them with one-liners (the language of our TV talk show era) and with cleverly repeated sight gags. Although his method did not produce works of great substance, the descriptions of average people responding to daily nuisances were repeated with exaggerated variations often enough to fill an enjoyable evening.

Simon's latest enjoyable evening, *The Sunshine Boys*, sneaks up on a more profound dramatic idea than has been discernible in any of his previous

Sam Levene and Jack Albertson

efforts. A retired vaudeville comedian, Willie Clark, is a man permanently trapped in a hostile relationship with his ex-partner, Al Lewis. Moreover, he is trapped within his own adopted stage personality. Everything he says and does has the sound and the look, the timing and the inflections, of his old vaudeville routines.

For example: Willie is watching his television set. During a commercial he goes to the kitchenette, inadvertently pulling out the cord with his foot. When he returns, he thinks the set must be broken, and after he tinkers with it to no avail, he calls room service. The hotel clerk asks him whether he's sure it's plugged in. Willie sees that it isn't but replies angrily, "Of course it's plugged in! Never mind. I'll fix it myself." Simon neatly demonstrates how this comic exercise in the style of the famous vaudeville team of Smith and Dale might carry over into one of today's real-life situations.

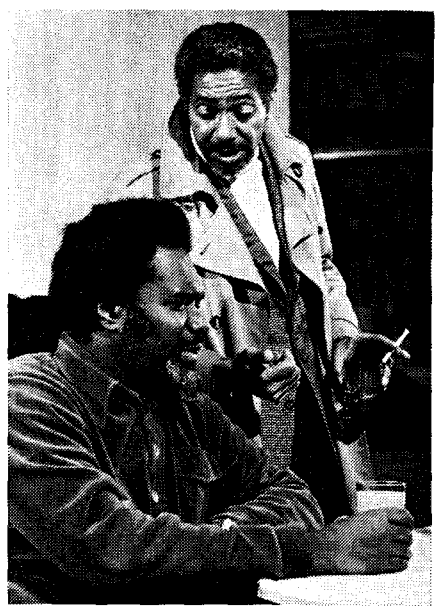
Our laughter here and elsewhere in the play is not very robust. We are not so much filled with spontaneous mirth as amused that such corny nonsense used to be funny. Nevertheless, a series of such episodes might have made a marvelous one-act play in the style of Ionesco. Two old comedians, whose material has grown out of giving public vent to a cultivated mutual antipathy, try to live happily in separate retirement. Fate intervenes. They find themselves forced to resume in life their former stage relationship. Curtain.

Unfortunately, Simon, who has acquired the habit of stretching short plays into more lucrative longer ones, has adulterated the potential comic fierceness of his inspired notion with naturalistic detail and sympathetic characters. One such character is Willie's nephew, who could have been devastatingly comic if Simon had drawn him as hypocritically selfish. Instead, the nephew is presented as a beneficent young man who unwittingly pushes his uncle into a heart attack and then generously offers to let him reside with his family or move into an exceptionally good Actors Home. And although Simon does give Willie a sturdy misogynism, he disappoints us with Al, who, instead of returning Willie's abuse with vigor, patiently suffers what emerges as Willie's paranoia.

Under Alan Arkin's direction the cast fulfills the play's naturalistic scenario to the letter. Jack Albertson portrays a childishly obsessed Willie, who rises to a fine, ludicrous glee when he stubbornly insists upon saying, "Enter!" instead of, "Come in." Sam Levene is all practical acceptance of undeserved discomforts as Al, and he is most droll when he denies Willie's charge that his blood no longer circulates: "Oh, it circulates," he says forlornly, "I'm not saying everywhere, but it circulates." And the pair's re-enactment of their "Doctor's Sketch" is a splendid reconstruction of a bygone type of humor. *The Sunshine Boys* has a modest quota of mirth and is structurally a better play than some of Simon's funnier hits. Yet one is left feeling just a little depressed that a promising idea for an extraordinary comedy has been Simonized into unpretentious ordinariness.

HENRY HEWES

Black Battlefields



Douglas Turner Ward, Graham Brown

At this point in the New York theater season the best new American play is Joseph A. Walker's *The River Niger*, currently being performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. In form the play is quite conventional. Johnny Williams, who has deferred the pursuit of his own dreams in order to support his family and their relatives by working as a house painter, is both an unpublished primitive poet and an unfulfilled black revolutionary. He sees the black struggle as poetry, and poetry as "the cement of the universe," but he is waiting to find his battlefield. Although he has no use for the white establishment, he nevertheless enjoys an irrational poetic pride in his son Jeff's earning a commission in the U.S. Air Force. It turns out that Jeff rejects the commission because he doesn't want to be "a super nigger, who spends his life trying to prove he's as good as the Man." In the course of the play both father and son do indeed find their battlefields. Although the plot is somewhat contrived, *The River Niger* swirls with bit-

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ing humor, rich dialogue, and honest statement of how things look from a variety of black positions. And the cast, headed by Douglas Turner Ward, performs with fervor. H.H.

Comedy By Any Other Name

Lanford Wilson has just written his first full-length play in two years; it opens in February at New York's Circle Theater. Wilson has often been compared to Tennessee Williams, and in fact he wrote the libretto for an operatic version of *Summer and Smoke*. His new play was tailor-made for the Circle Theater's off-off-Broadway repertory company. The action takes place on Memorial Day in a seedy, whores' hotel in Baltimore. The decrepitude of the setting is captured in the title, *THE HOT L BALTIMORE* (one of the neon letters has burned out). When Wilson described the play as a "comedy" on the first day of rehearsals, the cast was flabbergasted—but, then, so was the Moscow Art Theater when Anton Chekhov called *The Three Sisters* a comedy.

Prescription for a Better Ballet

During its thirty-three years' existence American Ballet Theater has mounted works by no fewer than one hundred choreographers. This fact is set forth in the company's 1973 souvenir program, in whict ABT boasts of its eclecticism and calls itself "Our National Gallery of Dance." National Galleries, however, are notoriously unsuited to the exercise of creativity. They preserve the past but have little effect on the present. Right now ABT has a strong, aggressive management, the promise of financial stability from a million-dollar Ford Foundation grant, and spacious new rehearsal and training facilities in New York. What it does not have, apart from a permanent New York theater, is effective artistic leadership. Above everything else, it needs a resident choreographer to give the company style—that is, a sense of its own individuality. Opening night at New York's City Center revealed once again that ABT has no clear idea about how to realize its potentialities: how to make proper use of its many good dancers, its impressive choreographic heritage, and its ability to please the public.

Ted Kivitt and Cynthia Gregory in Gsovsky's Grand Pas Classique

Sir Frederick Ashton's *Les Patineurs* was only an approximation of the Royal Ballet original, its outlines roughly correct, but without modeling or light and shade. David Lichine's *Graduation Ball* had too much light and shade. It has declined from comedy to rather slovenly farce. *Sea-Change* (a New York premiere) showed Alvin Ailey repeating his choreographic confusion. Set unpromisingly to the four Interludes from Benjamin Britten's *Peter Grimes*, *Sea-Change* is unclear in both theme and design. There are vague suggestions of death by drowning, of transcendent love, of some sort of transfiguration. The only certain thing is the waste of Sallie Wilson's fine dramatic gifts.

Sadder yet is the waste of Cynthia Gregory, seen in Victor Gsovsky's *Grand Pas Classique*. Tall, technically strong, commanding in presence, Gregory makes an immediate impact on audiences. But she is the object of a fan-cult, and, without perhaps fully realizing what she is doing, she plays up to its expectations. Her dancing, not so long ago pure and touching, is now increasingly mannered, immodest, self-indulgent. She is too good to become merely a *monstre sacré*, relied upon to bring down the house. From her unflattering headdress and coiffure to her exaggerated balances, she epitomizes the company's artistic uncertainty. She, like the productions of *Les Patineurs* and *Graduation Ball*, needs someone to cleanse her style before it is too late. DALE HARRIS

This month ABT *plays in Houston, Texas Feb. (7–10), and Los Angeles, California (Feb. 12–21).*

Nureyev's Vision

The principal attraction of the transcontinental tour of the National Ballet of Canada is Rudolf Nureyev's staging of *Sleeping Beauty*. A film shown on television during the Christmas season disclosed an elaborate production, faithful in the main to Petipa's original choreography, but with much more emphasis on the Prince (Nureyev's part) than is usual. Nureyev has no fewer than three solos in the "vision" scene, for example. The other works are also full-length and lavish: Erik Bruhn's versions of *La Sylphide* and *Swan Lake*. The company's first U.S. stop is Seattle (Feb. 5–7). Then: Portland (8–10), San Francisco (12–13 and 17–25), Cupertino (15–16), Sacramento (23), Los Angeles (Feb. 27–March 4), and Houston (6–11).

Forecasts

Apart from Twyla Tharp's ballet to music by the Beach Boys, new works for the Joffrey Company's spring season at New York's City Center Theater (Feb. 21–April 1) are rumored to include Eliot Feld's *Jive*—to Morton Gould music. Future prospects are Leonide Massine's *Parade*—to music by Satie, costumes and decor by Picasso—the first important cubist ballet, originally produced by Diaghilev in 1917, and Sir Frederick Ashton's *The Dream*, possibly with Royal Ballet stars Merle Park and David Wall for the first three performances.

In February the Alvin Ailey company goes to Indiana University, Bloomington (9–11), University of Iowa, Iowa City (12–14), University of Minnesota, Minneapolis (15–17), William Jewell College, Kansas City, Missouri (19–21), and Auditorium Theater, Chicago (23–25).

Rumors abound that Columbia Artists Management is trying to elbow ABT out of its summer season at the New York State Theater in 1974 in order to bring in the long-absent Kirov Company from Leningrad.

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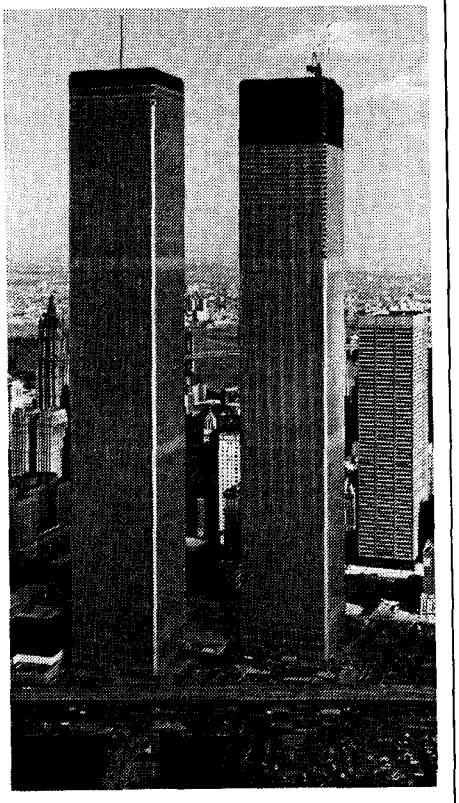
ARTS FOR LIVING

New York's World Trade Center: Twin Towers, c. 2001



On a clear day you can see the sun glistening off the aluminum-clad facades of the New York City World Trade Center all the way from the Delaware Water Gap—two states away! On a rainy day the two 110-story towers appear to be endless, upward extrusions, girded by clouds. The center borrows from New York's diverse atmosphere, the sun, the Hudson River, the Wall Street towers to the southeast, and the low buildings at its edges. It relies on reflection and contrast, rather than on any intrinsic subtlety of scale, texture, detail, or color. You can't stand on a city street and expect to savor a refinement ninety-seven floors above you. The lack of detail is not an architectural cop-out, but common-sense design on the part of architects Minoru Yamasaki and Emory Roth and Sons.

But the approach doesn't succeed in making the complex of towers and lower buildings *simpatico*, not even on the sunniest days. Close up, there is a grim quality about the metal-faced giants with their narrow windows. And the adjacent low buildings are partially clad in somber, black-anodized aluminum. Perhaps you shouldn't expect warmth, yet other very large modern buildings are not nearly as forbidding.

Even the five-acre plaza projects an atmosphere of severity, despite the concentric pattern of rings in the surface and the central bronze sculpture. Your eyes are always drawn to the more pleasing reaches of the Hudson River. Only at night do the towers come to life with myriad lights shimmering through the slit windows.

The public spaces inside are more inviting. The seventy-two-foot-high foyers at the base of the towers are light, if a bit precious in detail. There is warm teak paneling in the elevator lobbies, and a rich, dark-purple veined Italian marble in the skylobbies. The mirror-finished stainless steel on the elevator doors manages to reflect the color and movement of crowds.

The interior halls, after all this grandeur, are disappointing: mean, low spaces with dull ceilings and monotonously hued floors and walls. But there is another esthetic in the center—a muscularity of size, numbers, beaten records, bold techno'ogy, and crackerjack management. The $700 million center contains nine million square feet of rentable space, enough concrete to run a five-foot path from New York to Washington, D.C., enough electric wire to reach Mexico City, and space for 50,000 office workers plus another 80,000 visitors a day—enough to house the whole population of Berkeley, California, with a few thousand to spare.

The center is a city with its own Zip codes (10047 and 10048), twenty branch banks, food service for 20,000 at a sitting, and its own rapid transit system. The transit system is, of course, vertical: a cluster of express elevators (large enough to accommodate fifty-five persons) shoot to the skylobbies on the forty-fourth and seventy-eighth floors. From the skylobbies, which are equipped with stores, coffee shops, and banks, you take the local to your own floor. Each tower is supported structurally by an ingenious upright, hollow, square "tube," with holes punched in it for windows. Structural engineers Skilling, Helle, Christiansen, Robertson designed the tube to be erected in three-story-high segments without interior columns, which makes it easy to subdivide rental space.

If there is esthetic drama in managing the construction of nine million square feet of space on a small urban site of porous subsoil (deposited long ago, in part, as ballast from sailing ships), then the World Trade Center is dramatic. The owner, the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, appointed Tishman Realty and Construction Company, with James R. Endler as project executive, to serve as construction manager and to act as general contractor. Tishman's task was to fit budgets to expenditures, control schedules and materials deliveries on seven hundred contracts (more steel went into the center than into the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge), and coordinate the work of 3,500 men. Yet, despite delays caused by strikes and other events, the project has followed its relentless schedule.

It isn't easy to love a building for qualities that are best considered intellectually—size, new technical breakthroughs, and good management. Those qualities account for the difficulty in appraising the World Trade Center complex esthetically; but they are also its true architectural significance, for the center is one of the first buildings of the twenty-first century—a monument to engineering savvy, management skills, and daring owner enterprise. The architects deserve credit for grasping these principles and for refusing to be seduced by petty visual tricks.

STEPHEN A. KLIMENT

Minus More Magazines?

Magazine publishing is risky and unpredictable, but nowhere more so than in design publications. An alarming number of periodicals in this field have folded during the last few years, and those that didn't have lived each day with the threat of extinction.

The latest developments confirm this point. Last fall Billboard Publications acquired Whitney Publications, publisher of three major magazines: *Architectural Forum*, *Interiors*, and *Industrial Design*. Of these, only *Interiors* turns a profit; *Industrial Design* and particularly *Forum* have operated at a loss for as long as anyone can remember. Speculation in publishing circles is that Billboard will fold *Forum* and *I.D.* Billboard denies the rumor, saying it will keep them going, add salesmen, and put them on a businesslike and profit-making schedule.

What design periodicals need, and

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ARTS FOR LIVING

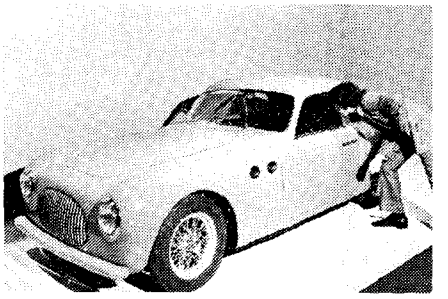
what makes their European counterparts compare so favorably, is greater support from a now unresponsive industry. The loss of any design publication would be tragic to students, architects, and the design community in general. Their survival depends upon increased support from the industry's advertisers. NICHOLAS POLITES

A Publishing Plus

Good news! The sad state of design periodicals is brightened by the appearance this month of the first issue of *Architecture PLUS*. Editor-in-chief Peter Blake, the English-born architect who contributes to *New York*, who formerly edited *Architectural Forum*, and who has written for *SR of The Arts*, describes his promising venture as "the first international architectural magazine in the world." Contributing editors will be stationed in the major cities of six continents; there is even hope of placing an editor in China.

The editorial policy of *PLUS* is to "search out, evaluate, report, and welcome change." We at *SR of The Arts* welcome change, and Peter Blake's *Architecture PLUS*.

Auto Art



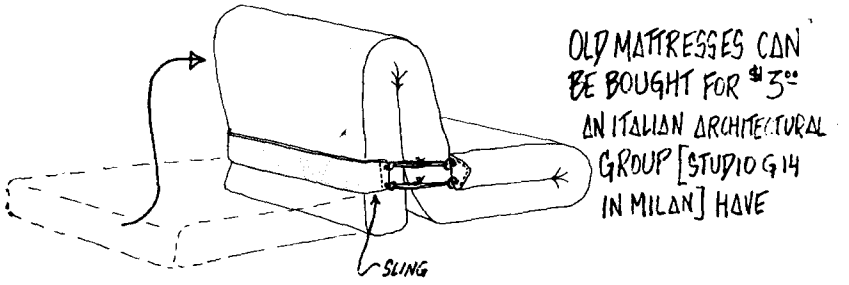
Would you buy a used car from a chicken farmer? New York's Museum of Modern Art has just acquired a 1946 Cisitalia GT, retrieved from a chicken farm in Italy where it had been discovered in disrepair and, no doubt, long subjected to indiscretions most fowl.

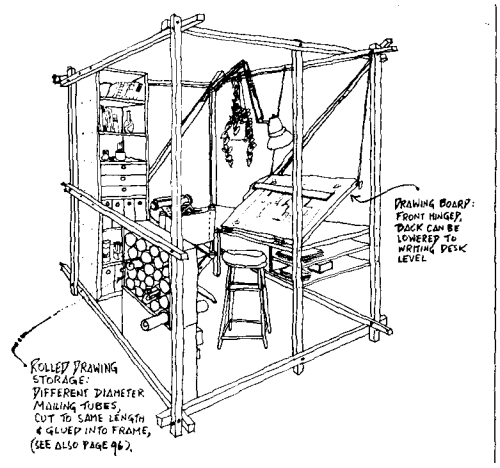
The Cisitalia was designed by Pinin Farina and was sculptured with such subtlety and grace that it proved a model for inspired automobile designers the world over. The abandoned example was restored by the manufacturer, working from another model in a car museum in Italy.

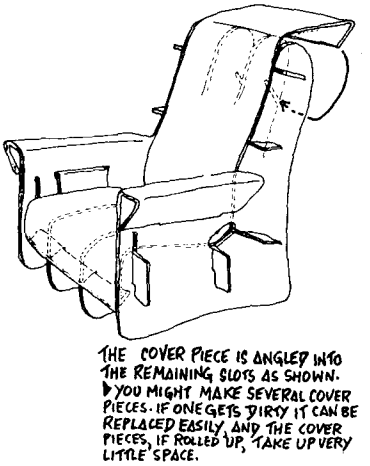
Emilio Ambasz, MOMA's curator of design, asserts that despite man's present concern with air pollution and urban congestion, the Cisitalia should be judged according to its design merits "esthetic excellence and technical innovation." This trend-setting sports car is the first automobile to enter the permanent collection of any art museum in America.

Fast Furnishing

Do you want to know "how to build and where to buy lightweight furniture that folds, collapses, stacks, knocks down, inflates, or can be thrown away and recycled"? Read *Nomadic Furniture* by James Hennesy and Victor Papanek, to be published this month by Pantheon Books. A manual of furniture design for those who find themselves increasingly on the road, the book is a design accomplishment in itself. The text is not set in type; it is, rather, drafted by the authors. So are the excellent illustrations. If the anxiety of moving your possessions is upon you, this book may be your refuge.




DRAWING BOARD: FRONT HINGED, BACK CAN BE LOWERED TO WRITING DESK LEVEL
ROLLED DRAWING STORAGE: DIFFERENT DIAMETER MAILING TUBES, CUT TO SAME LENGTH & GLUED INTO FRAME, (SEE ALSO PAGE 96).


THE COVER PIECE IS ANGLED INTO THE REMAINING SLOTS AS SHOWN.
▶YOU MIGHT MAKE SEVERAL COVER PIECES. IF ONE GETS DIRTY IT CAN BE REPLACED EASILY, AND THE COVER PIECES, IF ROLLED UP, TAKE UP VERY LITTLE SPACE.

Greater Pains for Stronger Panes

The night before the January 4, 1973 San Francisco earthquake—the one that was canceled because of a lack of interest on the part of the city's residents—an ex-New Yorker remarked: "I don't mind living on the San Andreas Fault, not after my last experience in a Manhattan windstorm." He went on to say that, while ambling down Park Avenue, he noticed a transparent object floating downward from the upper reaches of a high-rise. The article came to rest on the roof of a parked car, leaving little of the car and less of the roof. A shift in the wind and it would have left nothing of the spectator. The transparent thing was, of course, a pane of glass.

It appears that our new glass cities are ill-suited to foul weather. "Nor'easters" have necessitated the temporary closing of sections of Boston and New York to pedestrians and traffic, and a client in New Haven whose building suffered wind damage is involved in litigation with a major architectural firm.

Glass is beautiful and will continue to be used in high-rise architecture. But until these engineering problems have been solved, city-dwellers had best keep one eye peeled for peeling panes.

Beyond Wallpaper

Concern with social issues is growing where you might least expect it. The American Institute of Interior Designers is considering as part of its program for its September conference a discussion of "esthetics and politics."

In the past most interior designers have not been overly concerned with societal problems. Their clients tend to be wealthy and to have an interest in retaining the status quo. AIID's members must be commended for confronting society's interior design as well as its exterior decorations. □

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BOOKS

Eden on the Rocks

BY WILLIAM ABRAHAMS

THE COLUMBUS TREE. By Peter S. Feibleman. 472 pages. Atheneum. $8.95.

Suelo, on the southernmost coast of Spain—the pseudonymous but recognizable main setting for this grandly scaled and very powerful novel by Peter S. Feibleman—is a shabby fishing village, not far from the American naval base at Rota, upon which, virtually overnight, has been superimposed an international resort. As such it takes its place alongside all those other glamorous pollution zones that have come into worldwide being since the 1950s. In travel brochures, gossip columns, and media propaganda they figure successively as latter-day Edens, compounds for the privileged, and laboratories for new experiments in *la dolce vita*. In the dispiriting light of the journey home, however, they prove to have offered less than the change of life implicit in every promise: under the new suntan, it's the same old flesh on the way to the boneyard.

Suelo, as brought to the page by Mr. Feibleman, is an all too credible pain-and-pleasure ground, dominated by its twenty-seven hotels, chief among them the Malaje (under German management, of course) with its chic (rich) clientele, its multicolored villas, its beach free of tar (but scorching to the feet), and its lifeguard available (at a price) for love-making to guests of both sexes. Beyond this new Suelo, the territory of the internationals (even the occasional wealthy, bridge-playing Spaniard), there is the fishing village that existed before there was ever a Malaje, and beyond them both there is timeless, historic, contemporary Spain, of which they are both so real and so symbolic a part. This is the triple-tiered world that Mr. Feibleman has brought alive in his novel, writing with irony, compassion, the authority that comes from a long knowledge—he has himself lived in Spain for considerable periods of time—and, most importantly, with the imaginative gift of a true novelist.

That one should think it advisable to praise a novelist for writing like a novelist is, I think, an indication of the embattled situation in fiction at the present time. As anyone with more than a casual interest in the subject will know, the traditional novel finds itself peculiarly exposed—patronized on the one flank by the New Journalists, who feel that they have taken over and improved on the observation of society that has traditionally been thought the proper business of the novelist; and disdained on the other flank by the new experimentalists, who believe that "the novel as illusion is no longer credible, so why bother." (The quotation comes from an ingeniously argued statement, "The New Tradition," by Ronald Sukenick in the Fall 1972 number of *Partisan Review;* there is an equally illuminating statement of the New Journalists' position in the October 1972 *Esquire* by, as one would expect, Tom Wolfe.) But Mr. Feibleman gives no sense of feeling threatened: this novel, his third, is unabashedly, seriously, and very much readably, a novel. He draws upon a formidable battery of skills that one takes for granted (perhaps too easily) in the traditional novelist: he can create characters in whom we believe, place them in settings we believe, involve them in patterns of action we believe. Illusion is central to his task—to create a peopled world within the novel, "real" enough as we read it to bring about the traditional "suspension of disbelief."

Peter S. Feibleman

In the course of the novel's three months' action—the summer season in Suelo when the hot wind blows from Africa—a world is gradually laid bare, at once exotic in its particulars and disquietingly familiar in its implications—are we that far from home, after all? To the Malaje comes Helen Locke, an American woman of a certain age, beautiful, affluent, socially desirable. She is there, outwardly, as a favored guest but in fact as a high-priced shill, for her role (well rewarded) is to attract her fashionable friends to the hotel, and indeed the climactic event of the novel is an immense costume ball to which specimens of the rich, beautiful, and well-born (Helen's dear friends) are lured from strategic locations around the globe.

With her for the summer is the son of her second marriage, Will, whose approaching thirteenth birthday is made the pretext for the party of the year, and the attractive, independently wealthy daughter of her first marriage, Alice Littlejohn, who prefers to be called by her last name. Littlejohn is one of those splendid, troubled, troubling young who are determined to be absolutely honest, not to be taken in, and who, in the end, not meaning to, do so much harm to others and to themselves. Even before she has embarked on her affair with Count Guzman, the so-called Red Count, we know, even as she herself knows, that it must end badly. With her conviction that she understands herself and the people and situations in her life, she has decided that the count, a kind of liberal saint, watched uneasily by the government for his political activities, is an innocent. Whereas, in fact, as she tells Will in one of those judgments of hers that are dangerously true and not true, "We're going away from innocence as fast as we can . . . . Once you're out of Eden, you're out. The only road back is the fastest road away from it."

At first, then, it would seem that Mr. Feibleman is writing of themes that have served generations of novelists since Henry James—of good and evil, innocence and experience, Americans and Europeans, the contrast between the plastic culture of the Hotel Malaje and the enduring traditions of the Guzman palace. But as the novel moves forward and the simple becomes complex, caught up in the ever more intricate and fascinating convolutions of Mr. Feibleman's plot—he is, by the way, a master of dramatic suspense—these familiar, even reassuring themes give way to an all-persuasive nihilism: at the end there is only despair.

So the Columbus tree, the magnificent tree that has grown for centuries beside the Guzman palace, and has come to acquire symbolic weight as the visible evidence of the continuing life force, is found, when it has been cut down by angry townspeople who believe that the count has betrayed them,

William Abrahams is the editor of Prize Stories: The O. Henry Awards *and co-author, with Peter Stansky, of* The Unknown Orwell.

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BOOKS

to be rotten inside: "You could see it easily, a wide hollow space that ran up through the fallen trunk, with bugs crawling inside it, and even a few maggots. The stench was awful—the tree smelled like corpses—and it was apparent that its center had been decaying for some time, probably years."

Nor is the count the "innocent baby" that Littlejohn had so confidently imagined him to be, though it is *her* innocence that leads to his undoing and to the events that culminate in the destruction of the Columbus tree. "Once you are out of Eden, you're out." Yes—but there is no road back to it. That is the final discovery Littlejohn and we are asked to make in this novel, this world that Peter Feibleman has so vividly imagined for us. □

Etudes in B Minus

THE GLORY OF THE VIOLIN. By Joseph Wechsberg. Illustrated. 314 pages. Viking. $8.95.
THE OPERA. By Joseph Wechsberg. 312 pages. Macmillan. $7.95.

BY DALE HARRIS

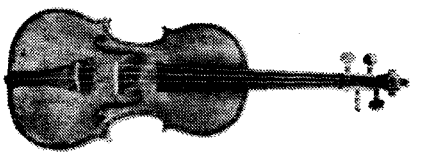
The abiding fascination of the violin has a lot to do with its expressivity. Of all musical instruments, the violin is the most human, the closest in sound to the singing voice. Virgil Thomson once said: "Each of the great violinists has his characteristic fiddle tone. Kreisler, Heifetz, all of them one can recognize blindfolded, as one can a well-known singer's voice." A great violinist is able to move us so deeply because he affords a revelation of individual personality. Not quite as direct a revelation as a singer, perhaps, but something more mysterious: a blend of mechanical ingenuity and affective intimacy, of manual dexterity and metaphysics. Stendhal spoke of Paganini's ability to express "the very whispers of his soul in sound," and claims of a similarly extravagant, though understandable, nature have been made for many subsequent performers.

It was, indeed, a growing need for ever larger and more sustained emotional effects that led to the gradual domination of the orchestra by modern string instruments during the eighteenth century. Of these instruments the violin, with its unique combination of brilliant power and sweetness of tone, quickly outnumbered the rest. The same period saw the rise of the string quartet—almost always a pair of violins, a viola, and a cello—and its development as the very basis of chamber music. As the musicologist Robert Donington has said, it was "equally capable of warmth and of coolness, of brilliance and of contemplation, of passion and of serenity." A distinctive feature of the violin, in addition to its wide range, is its functional versatility. Unlike the piano, which is at its most characteristic when used as a solo instrument, the violin sounds wonderful in large numbers as well as on its own.

However, we esteem the violin not only for its emotive power but also for its ability to astonish us. From the time of Paganini onwards, the star violinists have been technical wizards: Henri Vieuxtemps, Pablo Sarasate, Eugène Ysaye, Fritz Kreisler, Joseph Szigeti, Jascha Heifetz. Moreover, violinists, like coloratura sopranos, are prone to empty displays of skill. The public, after all, loves to be dazzled by virtuosity, even when this occurs at the expense of feeling. G. B. Shaw chided the immensely popular Ysaye on that point: "How can you think of Beethoven, or even of music, whilst Ysaye is Titanically emphasizing himself and his stupendous accomplishment . . . and all but shewing Beethoven the door?" At least Ysaye was playing Beethoven. As Stravinsky complained of Leopold Auer, the great teacher of Mischa Elman, Efrem Zimbalist, and Heifetz, violin virtuosi tend to waste their masterful technique on second-rate music. But that is the danger inherent in all virtuoso skills. Actually, in terms of repertory, there is probably less meretriciousness to be heard in concert halls today than there was fifty years ago. The rise in musical taste has swept a lot of the old show pieces into oblivion. Virtuosity itself, however, is still with us. To play the violin music of Schoenberg, Bartók, and Stravinsky requires great technical mastery as well as great musicality.

Paganini, from The Glory of the Violin

Clearly, the instrument's potentialities have not yet been exhausted. It is a singular testimony to the violin's fundamental rightness of design that with only a few modifications (a stronger bass-bar to support the belly, a longer and more angled neck, and a higher bridge) a late seventeenth-century Stradivari or an early eighteenth-century Guarneri del Gesù should still be the best means of performing Stravinsky's Concerto in D. No wonder the object itself inspires love in its practitioners: light in weight; graceful,



A Stradivari, 1679

even delicate, in appearance; powerful and expressive.

It is easy to understand why even amateur players become avid collectors of violins. Joseph Wechsberg, for example, owns a 1730 Stradivari. But, then, Wechsberg is essentially an enthusiast. For many years he has been writing about his special interests: gastronomy, Vienna, the opera, prewar Europe. These he has celebrated in at least seventeen books and countless articles. But the process of recording one's pleasures requires self-discipline, and Wechsberg has become bemused by his ease in playing the raconteur. Too little thought and too little commitment have gone into the making of *The Glory of the Violin*. The book, which in 300 pages seeks to cover the history of violin-making, playing, and music, is an unreliable introduction to a fascinating subject. Many of Wechsberg's facts are wrong (Ole Bull *did* compose as well as play; both Wieniawski and Sarasate *did* make records). Also Wechsberg's questionable interpretations of fact are often open to doubt (e.g., the evidence of Stradivari's humility). Moreover, Wechsberg's musical conclusions are often dubious (e.g., his assertion that Paganini, Vieuxtemps, Spohr, Kreutzer, and Wieniawski were not only important violinists, but survive today as important composers). Unfortunately, the value of the remainder is diminished by formlessness and garrulity. Nothing quite hangs together and information is endlessly repeated. We learn no fewer than five times that Haydn created the string

Dale Harris, professor of English at Sarah Lawrence College, writes regularly for Ballet Review *and is a contributing editor to* SR of The Arts.

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quartet; we are told the story of Charles IX's Amati collection four times; every single reference to Verdi's *Falstaff* is accompanied by the sobriquet "an old man's masterpiece."

The same problems diminish the value of *The Opera*, a similar and even more confusing rag-bag of unreliable facts, dubious assertions, and plain volubility. Some stories (e.g., Michael Kelly's account, which Wechsberg misinterprets, of Haydn, Mozart, and Dittersdorf playing chamber music together) are to be found in both books. Mostly, however, *The Opera* offers another set of traps for the unwary reader. Anyone seeking an initiatory guide to the subject is likely to be misled. Wechsberg confuses the plot of *La Serva Padrona*, he gets Melba's birthday wrong (he makes an issue of the longevity of her career) as well as many other similar facts, and he is prone to remarks like the following: "There are no tunes in *Tristan* that can be sung or hummed. There are almost no tunes in Verdi's later masterpieces, *Otello* and *Falstaff*." A man who can say that deserves never to hear those masterpieces again. □

Sign Here, Please

ASTONISH ME. By John Lahr. 192 pages. Viking. $7.95.

THE AUTOGRAPH HOUND. By John Lahr. 256 pagess. Alfred A. Knopf. $6.95.

BY NATHAN TEITEL

In *Astonish Me*, John Lahr, drama critic for the *Village Voice* (but perhaps better known for *Notes on a Cowardly Lion*, a biography of his father, Bert Lahr), continues his zestful bombardment of today's moribund theater. Compared to this incendiary tract, *Up Against the Fourth Wall*—his first collection of essays—seems merely a tentative salvo. But the demolition of Broadway's meretricious and self-congratulatory wares is not the primary aim of this most passionate of drama critics. Far more important is his blueprint for a theater of tensioned vitality rooted in myth, mystery, and, above all, social awareness and responsibility. And even if the author on occasion makes excessive demands on the theater alone as a revolutionary and life-regenerative force, the sheer reach of his vision commands respect and attention.

Lahr divides his book into three sections: "Pageants," "Playwrights," and "Performances." In "Pageants" he is

Nathan Teitel is a playwright and teaches modern literature at New York University.

John Lahr

concerned with theater as a social happening wherein "thought, theme, and texture come *after* the experience." An adaptation of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* —performed in Italian by the Teatro Libero di Roma under a huge plastic bubble—wins his wholehearted admiration because it "becomes a *contact* sport where the audience and the actor battle for each other's energy." Equally noteworthy is the fact that this "epic, gigantic, operatic, and outrageous" production employs "the primal ingredients of stagecraft: energy and astonishment."

André Gregory's version of *Alice in Wonderland* is viewed basically as a game wherein "anxiety turns action into enchantment, accomplishment into wonder." Surrealistic in technique—and owing much to Grotowski's compelling theatrical practices—this production of *Alice* enables us, Lahr says, to enter the mythic consciousness of the child: a world compounded of fear, dream, and ecstasy.

Pinter, Orton, and Heathcote Williams are among the playwrights who most satisfy Lahr's debatable but challenging dicta: Pinter because he offers a vision of life in its ambiguous entirety wherein "all facts are presented but never prejudged"; Joe Orton—dead, alas!—because he used farce as a means to expose our rampant schizophrenic hysteria; and Williams because his play *AC/DC* "refuses to communicate with an untenable world and moves inward to deeper mythic sources."

In "Performances" Lahr—booting

SR. RECOMMENDS

A rotating selection by the book review editors of ten particularly notable new and current books of general interest, arranged alphabetically by title

AMERICAN MISCHIEF. By Alan Lelchuk (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95)—An eastern college campus in riotous upheaval (radical politics, sexual anarchy) is the setting for a clever, comic (but lengthy), and much talked-about first novel.

COLLECTED POEMS: 1951–1971. By A. R. Ammons (Norton, $12.50)—An important and absorbing collection by a poet just now being recognized as a renewer of the central tradition of American poetry.

THE COLUMBUS TREE. By Peter S. Feibleman (Atheneum, $8.95)—A lush new novel about beautiful people at a fashionable resort in Spain losing whatever innocence they had.

THE FRED ASTAIRE & GINGER ROGERS BOOK. By Arlene Croce (Outerbridge & Lazard, $9.95)—An intelligent text and nostalgic photographs combine in an act of homage to the team whose grace and style have become film landmarks.

THE GREAT BRIDGE. By David McCullough (Simon & Schuster, $10.95)—The fascinating story of the construction of the Brooklyn Bridge, whose dramatic engineering was matched only by the melodrama of political chicanery that attended it.

HARRY S. TRUMAN. By Margaret Truman (Morrow, $10.95)—A frank and openly affectionate biography of the former President by his daughter.

THE MAKING OF A PSYCHIATRIST. By David S. Viscott (Arbor House, $8.95) —An exceptionally candid, warm, and compellingly readable account of a young doctor's training and early practice in psychiatry.

THE POLITICS OF A GUARANTEED INCOME: The Nixon Administration and the Family Assistance Plan. By Daniel Patrick Moynihan (Random House, $15)—This well-written, detailed account of the fate of the most far-reaching social legislation proposed since the New Deal provides a rare inside view of the workings of government and the pressures of politics.

THE SUNLIGHT DIALOGUES. By John Gardner (Knopf, $8.95)—The author of *Grendel* takes on the complex texture of an American small town, the motif of medieval romance, and the weighty themes of freedom and entropy in his most important novel to date.

THE TAKING OF PELHAM ONE TWO THREE. By John Godey (Putnam, $6.95) —The "impossible" hijacking of a New York subway train is the chilling event from which all else follows in this first-rate, cracklingly paced suspense.

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BOOKS

much of his critical cool out of the window—chronicles the psychological and cultural impact of such diverse celebrities as Ike and Tina Turner, Lenny Bruce (a penetrating analysis), Maurice Chevalier, and Muhammad Ali. And it is in the limning of these portraits that our embattled critic really takes off. They are written, moreover, with the same socially concerned passion that largely characterizes his scabrous, wryly comic first novel, *The Autograph Hound*.

The Autograph Hound presents a closed world, vacuum-sealed, a world of shadowy creatures whose only reality is the frenzied pursuit of celebrities of all sizes and description. This tight little band of autograph hounds represents one of the zany flowerings of the American dream. Pummeled into a pulp by mass media, bereft of even a semblance of reason, they pounce upon their elusive quarry with manic desperation. To wrest an autograph on a scraggly sheet of paper from a Judy Garland or a Greta Garbo is the ultimate bliss, and to win it they are more than willing to slink around stage doors, hide in television studios, and stoically endure in snow and rain.

At night they make their major forays: all theater and movie openings, Shubert Alley, talk shows, the old Fillmore, Madison Square Garden, the Waldorf, and any other place where the action is. Gossip columns, *TV Guide*, movie magazines—all are devoured and memorized. Encyclopedias of trivia, both past and present, they are the true guardians of our mechanized madness.

Cast Sterling Honey Flask©
Reverse inscribed: "I give thee honey food so that the gods may protect thee and that thou mayest live for a hundred autumns in this world."
2¼" high, hand crafted for us by the Scarponis. Includes sterling chain. $1.50 ppd.
Dept. 273-1
Catalog of American handcrafts, $1
Appalachian Spring
1655 Wisconsin Avenue N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20007

Benny Walsh, busboy at the glamorous West Homestead restaurant, is the most dedicated and zealous of the pack. His deadly enemy is Garcia, the unsympathetic maître d', but Benny is the most redoubtable of adversaries, hiding his pad in the freezer until that awesome moment when a luminary suddenly shows. For a quarter of a century he has wheedled, implored, and demanded. His treasured booty now numbers 2,326 autographs, all neatly pasted on file cards and annotated. Possessing them makes Benny one with Kubla Khan.

Then there are Sypher, Moonstone, Della, and Gloria—with her Joan Crawford "chase me" shoes. Gloria is Benny's pathetic protégée, and the recipient of his parched love, a love that dissolves instantaneously when stern duty calls. He does, however, bestow a Joan Crawford on her (he has triples). All members wheel and deal with one another, practicing strategies worthy of the most cunning Wall Street manipulators. And they know whose stock is rising or falling without benefit of *Barron's*.

John Lahr, both as critic and novelist, seems a deeply committed man. What finally emerges from his essays is a tactic and a strategy for the survival of theater. And in *The Autograph Hound* he has gone beyond the dazzle of the lights to look at some of the victims and produced a seriocomic novel of breadth and dimension. □

Still Life in Guadeloupe

A WOMAN NAMED SOLITUDE. By Andre Schwarz-Bart. Translated from the French by Ralph Manheim. 179 pages. Atheneum. $5.95.

BY JACK SPENCER

André Schwarz-Bart, whose prize-winning *The Last of the Just* appeared here in 1960, has extended his range in this new novel from the horrors of European Jewry in our times to the West African slave trade of the eighteenth century and the plight of Caribbean slaves during the French Revolution. The extension is rightly based on the assumption that the suffering of enslaved peoples is universal—and the perhaps more questionable assumption that one diaspora is pretty much like another—but a good deal of the passion and immediacy of his first novel seem to have been lost along the way.

His central figure, Solitude, a mulatto product of a white rape on the Atlantic crossing (the mother's life in Africa is depicted in the easy sensuality and folklore of a lost Eden), is based on a woman who "according to oral tradition" became a minor legend in a slave uprising on Guadeloupe. Made a house servant because of her light color, she becomes a "zombie" around the age of eleven, overwhelmed by the horror and confusion of her situation. The French Republic is proclaimed, aristocratic heads roll, the slaves are freed, and the cultural confusion becomes, if anything, worse. Solitude feels "emptier and lighter than ever, blown by the furious winds of time." But not for long. Slavery is re-established, the blacks revolt (1802), and Solitude finds herself swept into action, aiding mountain guerrillas, seemingly possessed (or unconscious) as she kills soldiers without fear or even caution. There is some talk about a body from which the soul has departed. Finally, the rebels are trapped and Solitude is executed, turning her legend to myth by laughing ("which some likened to a song") on the way to the guillotine. An epilogue makes a reference to the Warsaw ghetto.

This is material ripe in dramatic possibilities, and it is curious how little Schwarz-Bart makes of it. For all the violence and upheaval of the story, there is virtually no movement here—passages are etched in still as cameos, a series of abstractions. Schwarz-Bart so distances himself from the material (Solitude, being more myth than human, is also rather abstract) that his novel lacks the texture that involves a reader in fiction. He has created, instead, something like a jungle painting by *le douanier* Rousseau—one of those lush, still dreams whose only tension is the threat of the intangible.

The language (in this translation, at any rate) works hard to produce this kind of effect: the author is given to expressions like "there were clouds in the sky of his gaze" and to moments of people staring into the distance, singing haunting folk songs like reveries, or laughing into space. There are virtually no relationships at all in the novel, just people glancing off each other for their close-ups, each one meant to be a parable of historical trauma.

Schwarz-Bart depends heavily on our shared response to the horror of the situation, but since he does not make us share its experience it seems a little easy, like coming out against war. *A Woman Named Solitude* is a book so eager to make a statement (and confident of its reception), but so detached and unsure of its approach, that it keeps slipping away, depending on the reader to supply the emotions that would bring it to life. This is incantation without the background that makes it meaningful. □

Jack Spencer is a freelance critic with a special interest in French literature.

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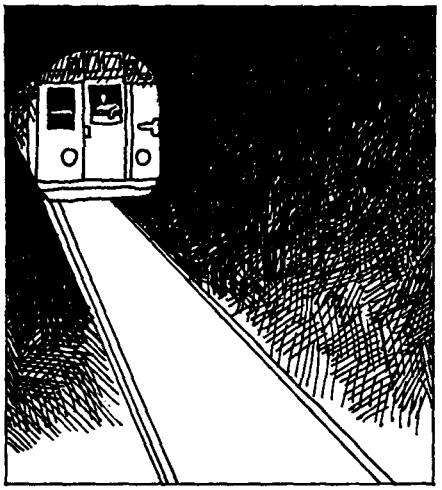
ON THE DOCKET

BY O. L. BAILEY



You don't have to have an airplane to be a hijacker, as *The Taking of Pelham One Two Three* by John Godey (Putnam, $6.95) killingly demonstrates. Four desperate men with nothing to lose hijack a New York subway train, take over the motorman's car, and hold sixteen passengers as hostages for a cool million. If the mayor doesn't come up with the scratch in *one hour*, no one will get out alive. The plot bristles with authenticity, encompassing a miracle of detail that will tell you more than you ever wanted to know about any subway system. The hapless passengers run the gamut from the unhappy hooker, trying to figure out how to get off this particular hook, to the off-duty hippie cop, twitching between fear and the itch to be a hero in the eyes and arms of his girl.

Godey's book reads faster than the speed of light, and he handles the mini-characterizations deftly, capturing the special flavor of the Big Apple, wormy to the core. *Pelham* has accumulated all the so-called blockbuster credentials; it's this month's selection of Book-of-the-Month Club; it has brought a huge paperback sale; and it is about to become a major motion picture. In a recent interview Godey expressed doubts that his fictional hijacking would be turned into fact. As for me, I admit to having become the compleat walker ever since I turned the last page.

Concentrating on trains is likely to throw you off the track in *The Rocksburg Railroad Murders* by K. C. Constantine (Saturday Review Press, $5.95). This hint, I assure you, gives nothing away in this neat first mystery. Best of all, Constantine has created some very personable characters. There is Chief of Police Mario Balzic, a most endearing cop who cares; his charismatic drinking companion, Father Marazzo; and a Greek rogue, Mo Valcanas, who, even slightly sober, is the best lawyer around. They are a winning combination that I, for one, would like to see more of.

Burnt Offerings by Robert Marasco (Delacorte, $6.95) begins innocuously enough. A young couple wants to get away for the summer. A house they can afford becomes available on the Long Island shore. They move out for the season with their eight-year-old boy and a favorite aunt. There is, of course, a catch. The owners of the house have a bedridden relative living on the topmost floor of the house who must be fed while they are away. The food is to be left at her door three times a day. The summer tenants are never to see her, right? Implausible though it may seem, accept the fact that our young couple agrees to this condition; there is still much more to it than you can possibly guess. By the end of the summer the house has become a mesmerizing nightmare, a personification of evil from which there seems no escape. It makes Manderlay seem like Sunnybrook Farm, and its top-floor tenant makes Mrs. Danvers look like a lady with an Excedrin headache. Shades of *Rosemary's Baby*? Not really. Marasco has created an atmospheric, hauntingly creepy book that I suggest you read only in a sunlit room with at least one other person around.

The Bitter Tea by Gavin Black (Harper & Row, $5.95) serves as a palate refresher against the supernatural. It's an old-fashioned adventure story set in Southeast Asia. The plot revolves around an ailing shipping firm in Singapore, a key figure in Communist China, and a revolutionary who fears nothing, least of all the label of dictator. Black knows his Far East and can always be counted upon for the kind of super-action yarn that moves like a roller coaster complete with unexpected twists and turns. Singapore is also the setting of *The Jade Figurine* by Jack Foxx (Bobbs-Merrill, $4.95). If you ignore the fact that you have ever heard of *The Maltese Falcon*, you will find this a pleasant enough read. It is graced with one or two touches of the inscrutable that will make it worth your while.

There is—not so incidentally—an illustrative anecdote told about Dashiell Hammett's early writing days. Hammett once declared that he was turning in a story containing two expressions, one harmless, the other shady, and he predicted that his editor would expunge the harmless one and leave in the other, in the belief he was doing

"Susanne Langer's work is of major scope and depth, pioneering in its field."—PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY

VOLUME II

MIND: AN ESSAY ON HUMAN FEELING

Susanne K. Langer

In the second volume of her widely acclaimed philosophical treatise, Susanne Langer considers the "great shift" to human mental life which is epitomized in the notion of "mind." Here she seeks to account for the extraordinary shift from animal mentality to human mind as a natural process which, for all its vast distance and depth, does not break the evolutionary continuum.

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BOOKS

just the opposite. The harmless expression was "gooseberry lay," which is thieves' argot for stealing wash from a clothesline. The editor duly struck it out. The other, left intact, was "gunsel," which denotes a young homosexual killer.

Gunsels figure importantly in two highly unusual novels of suspense. (But no gooseberry laying, since most of the characters involved are trying desperately *not* to hang their dirty linen in public.) *Death Claims* by Joseph Hansen (Harper & Row, $5.95) marks the return of David Brandstetter, the insurance investigator who happens to be a confirmed homosexual. Introduced in Hansen's innovative first novel, *Fadeout*, he is, interestingly, one of the genre's most appealing new detectives. In *Death Claims* a has-been screenwriter's demise finds Brandstetter on the Hollywood scene encountering the famous, the also-rans, the failures, the phonies, and addicts of all kinds. By the time he finally sorts out the sordid strands of several lives he has one thoroughly engrossed. Throughout, Brandstetter and his private life are handled with taste and without sensationalism—absolutely straight so to speak—leading the reader to insights he might otherwise miss.

The eponymous hero of *Chase* by K. R. Dwyer (Random House, $5.95) is a veteran of the fighting in Vietnam, a winner of the Congressional Medal of Honor who wants nothing more than anonymity upon his return to his hometown. Had he not inadvertently been called upon to save a young girl's life, he might have realized his goal. Instead, he is thrown terrifyingly into a spotlight that conjures up ugly memories as he is stalked by a special kind of crazy—a gunsel who calls himself the Judge. Or is it all in Chase's mind? This superb book is more than a novel of suspense. It is a brutally realistic portrait of the role of violence in our society.

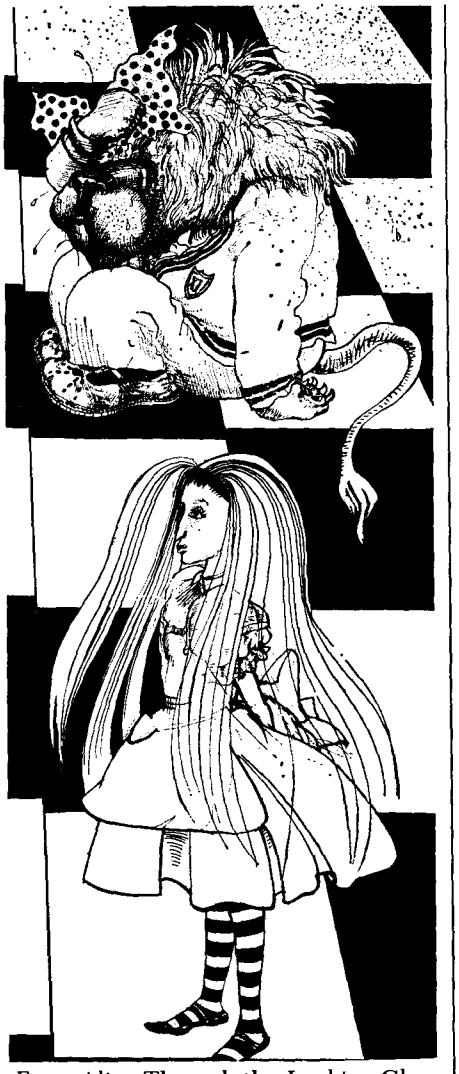
Agents and publishers are always being accused of the most dire misconduct by their authors. This notion is a springboard for the plot of *Write Murder Down* by Richard Lockridge (Lippincott, $5.95). When a prominent authoress is found dead, her publisher and her agent qualify immediately as murder suspects. To unravel the mystery, the deceptively inept and exceptionally likable Lt. Nate Shapiro is on hand. *Write Murder Down* has the kind of sharp, smooth plotting we have come to expect from Richard Lockridge.

The name of Dick Francis conjures up nothing but respect and high praise in my personal annals of crime writing. He exploits his intimate knowledge of horse racing to produce literate, incisive thrillers. His twelfth, *Smokescreen* (Harper & Row, $5.95), is, in the king's English, bloody marvelous. The hero of *Smokescreen* is a world-famous film star. He is asked by a dear, dying friend to investigate some strange doings in her stable in South Africa (her prize horses are losing too

Curiouser & Curiouser

BLOOMSDAY: An Interpretation of James Joyce's Ulysses. Engravings by Saul Field. Text by Morton P. Levitt. 119 pages. New York Graphic Society. $27.50.
THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS AND WHAT ALICE FOUND THERE. By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated by Ralph Steadman. 143 pages. Clarkson N. Potter. $7.95.

Sometimes it just doesn't pay to have birthdays. James Joyce's *Ulysses* passed its fiftieth year some months ago, and to honor the occasion we have been presented with this whoppingly sized (11″x15½″) book of interpretive engravings by Canadian printmaker Saul Field. In the accompanying text (part explanation of Joyce, part adulation of Field) Morton P. Levitt, an associate professor of English at Temple University, makes it all sound like an act of fate: "The scholars and critics have had their say about *Ulysses*; it is time now for other artists to interpret the novel, to do for *Ulysses* what Joyce has done for the *Odyssey* of Homer." This may be putting the case a little too strongly, but then Levitt also feels that "it was almost inevitable that Field should discover Bloom, for he had earlier been drawn to the stories of Sholem Aleichem and especially to the character of Tevye the milkman, another 'schlemiel' hero." What is one to say about *that*—or, for that matter, about Mr. Levitt's other observation that "the irony of *Ulysses* cuts in many directions"? The prints themselves are the product of an elaborate engraving process developed by Field (and explained at length in an afterword) that takes images from different plates and involves the use of tarleton (a heavy muslin used for cleaning plates) and a special plastic-like compound called compotina that Field has invented (in one case it has been applied in squirts from a hypodermic needle to suggest sperm droppings). Field's approach is nothing if not inventive—since Blazes Boylan is "the very model of a certain type of Irishman" Field colors him entirely in green, with muslin patches growing out of his head.



From Alice Through the Looking-Glass

Lewis Carroll, alas, has fared no better. This Centenary Edition of *Through the Looking-Glass*, prepared by The Committee of the Lewis Carroll Society, is an excuse to display the peculiar talents of Ralph Steadman. Maybe it seemed like a good idea at the time. Steadman is the artist who did those startling, and somehow superbly appropriate, illustrations for Hunter Thompson's *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*. His style, with all its spattered ink and whirlpool eyes, suggests a Rorschach test discovering outright madness, and despite Alice's appropriation by the drug crowd it runs counter to the spirit of Lewis Carroll every wobbly step of the way. Steadman's Alice looks like a constipated Bea Lillie (on occasion she also bears a remarkable resemblance to Dame Edith Sitwell), and the total effect of the illustrations is schizophrenic: either the reader can follow the admittedly striking work of Mr. Steadman or he can read Mr. Carroll. To do both is simply to invite the prospect of a long bad trip. J. K.

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consistently). An ex-stunt man who knows his horses, he accepts the case. The course is harrowing right down to the wire. But then everything about this top-notch Francis is just that and more.

The eighty-second and last Perry Mason novel, *The Case of the Postponed Murder* by Erle Stanley Gardner (Morrow, $5.95), was left in the author's pending file at the time of his death and has just now been published. It contains all the ingredients that made Mason a household word even before the famous television series. Gardner, who also wrote under the name of A. A. Fair (among others), never pretended to be anything but a commercial writer. His stock in trade was the great care he took to make sure that all the details of his complex plots were right. Twenty years of practicing law gave him all the background he needed for the infallible Perry Mason, who was more at home in a courtroom than anywhere else. Gardner's own writing study has recently been painstakingly re-created to house his archives at the University of Texas library, where the papers and manuscripts of such literary lions as Eliot, Shaw, and Joyce rest in peace. But somehow I like to think Gardner would have been proudest of the current deployment of *The River Queen I*, his sleek houseboat. Equipped now with special smog-analyzing instruments, it leaves its dock in San Francisco Bay each day to help scientists solve mysteries of air pollution that might have baffled even Mason—at least for a while. □

SHORTER REVIEWS

THE LONGEST COCKTAIL PARTY: An Insider's Diary of The Beatles, Their Million-Dollar Apple Empire and Its Wild Rise and Fall. By Richard DeLello. Illustrated. 325 pages. Playboy Press. $8.95.

In February 1968 the Beatles formed Apple Corps, Ltd., and everything was wonderful. Its purpose—they announced that spring on *The Johnny Carson Show*—was not only to oversee their own vast holdings but to encourage new talents in the arts. Richard DiLello arrived with the daffodils that same spring and was taken on as House Hippie and assistant to Apple's celebrated publicist Derek Taylor. Things just seemed to get more wonderful. Beatle earnings soared (between May 1969 and December 1970 their total income was more than $22 million), Mary Hopkins scored with "Those Were the Days," groups came from all around to sign on, and you scarcely had time to roll a joint between the telephone calls. Savile Row, which used to be famous for tailors, now became a homing ground for floating freaks, maniacal fans, budding artists, and a few odd souls who just stopped in for a look-see. Two Hell's Angels breezed in from California (Apple paid the customs duty on the choppers), Ken Kesey dropped by to make a talking record (a Zapple), the liquor bill alone amounted to nearly $1,500 a month, John married Yoko and held his Bed-In for peace in the Amsterdam Hilton, Paul married Linda and slipped off to Scotland (very much alive, rumors to the contrary). Then things got less wonderful. Powerful voices started wondering where all the *money* was going (not to mention the lead from the roof that somebody literally ripped off, causing enormous repair bills), projects misfired or didn't get off the ground at all, Al Klein was brought in from New York to start some belt-tightening (against Paul's wishes, but that's another story), the boys drifted apart, and—worst of all—the telephones stopped ringing. DiLello wasn't around for the final smashup (he left in August 1970), so he reprints columns from *The Times* detailing the messy court actions, the cross-accusations, and the final dissolution of empire. This book is DiLello's bid to become the Duc de Saint-Simon of the pop era, and, given the glitter of the court, who could blame him? Unfortunately, his style is best described as hip cute, and occasionally it goes beyond irritation to outright tedium, but he was, after all, *there*. Still this can hardly be called an inside look—DiLello seems to have had little to do with the Beatles themselves and even less with the powers that were (just who *they* were remains unclear). But he is excellent at describing the lives of the hangers-on, the bustling of the office, and the hype of the promoters in that Age of Publicity. His book is already nostalgia, and one reads it finally not to examine corporate mismanagement or the defoliation of a hippie dream but as a reminder that, when all is said and done, those indeed were the days.

SON OF GROUCHO. By Arthur Marx. Illustrated. 357 pages. David McKay. $7.95.

Growing up is a chancy affair at best, but when your father is Julius H. Marx,

Answer to Wit Twister, page 12: debator, berated, Rebated.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1540

The whole of my life has passed like a razor—in hot water or a scrape.

Sydney Smith

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a.k.a. Groucho, at least it's never dull. This lively, affectionate memoir, both a continuation and amplification of the author's earlier *Life with Groucho* (1954), takes us from early vaudeville touring days to Broadway to Hollywood, and it's pretty much a joy ride all the way, filled with inside gossip and racy gags. (Not for nothing did Arthur earn his boyhood allowance by cuing Groucho's lines for *Horse Feathers* and *Duck Soup*, and not everybody's father takes him to see the Houses of Parliament and then stands up in the middle of Ramsay MacDonald's debate to sing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.") Still, it wasn't all beer and skittles. "It was a better deal being a son than a wife," Arthur admits, and the story of his mother, the first of Groucho's three wives, whose lack of humor and inability to deal with Groucho's eccentricities led to alcoholism and divorce, is particularly sad. Arthur's own struggle for independence and success (as a television writer and author of the hit play *The Impossible Years*) outside the shadow of his famous father wasn't easy either, but he managed with zest and good humor, and his book is blissfully free of Freudian recrimination. There are portraits of his equally famous uncles ("Temperamentally, Chico and Father had about as much in common as Dean Martin and Marcel Proust"), some irresistible bits of gossip (Nelson Eddy lamenting to Fredric March that he wouldn't shoot another love scene with Jeanette MacDonald if she didn't stop belching in his face), and, above all, Groucho—alternately stingy and extravagant, devoted to his children but unfaithful to his wives, preacher of the well-ordered life but purveyor of irreverent anarchy. Who else, one wonders, would go to a White House show, watch comedienne Charlotte Greenwood do a high kick that involved wrapping one leg around her neck, then turn to Mrs. Roosevelt and say, "You could do that if you'd just put your mind to it"?

LETTERS OF ROGER FRY: Volumes I and II. Edited with an introduction by Denys Sutton. Illustrated. 787 pages. Random House. $30.

One must keep very busy indeed to write two volumes of letters (713, to be precise, and these only a selection), and the initial impression one takes from these letters of Roger Fry (1866–1934), the English art critic and Bloomsbury satellite, is that of constant activity. Fry wrote a stream of essays,

Lines of Sight

A COLLECTION OF WONDERFUL THINGS: Intaglio Prints. By Beth Van Hoesen. 151 pages. Scrimshaw Press. $15.

"Wonderful things" are, in this superbly produced book of Beth Van Hoesen's prints, very simple things: faces, plants, mice, birds, country scenes. Or, rather, they are very complex things made extremely clear by line. Van Hoesen's strength is her line, marvelous in sureness and economy, and her art reminds one anew how supple and subtle and powerful line can be; one is brought back to the roots of art, and of seeing and being made to see.

In many of these prints (there are seventy-two in all, eight in full-color) there is a remarkable sense of life. A drypoint-and-watercolor bee is caught poised in mid-air, about to alight, and one can almost feel the air stirring about it, hear its businesslike buzzing. A completely individualized tom cat peers at us suspiciously out of its color drypoint portrait, slightly cross-eyed but unperturbed by that, taking our measure. A sense of great warmth in arctic surroundings is perfectly evoked in a deceptively simple etching of a man asleep beneath a grand tumble of comforters. In a color-etching-and-aquatint a girl named Pat—she is assertively herself, no other—allows us to admire her great orange Afro hairdo; her expression is self-assured, slightly quizzical, bemused.

There are many "exercises" in this book; one can witness the artist trying out a variety of graphic ideas. Occasionally the result is reminiscent of antecedents (Leonard Baskin, for one, though for the most part without his sentimentality; other predecessors include the finest, from Dürer to Anders Zorn), and occasionally an idea is too governing (as, for example, in a portrait of a young man dressed in a lumber jacket and seated beneath another portrait of himself in the same jacket but with—of course, and too obviously—a markedly contrasting facial expression). Yet most of these prints are truly wonderful, the best suffused with that sense of uniqueness that is part of the magic and power of art, the whatever-it-is that transmits to the viewer the impact of discovering the newness of the familiar all over again.

The book, as a physical book, also deserves comment, for it is that rarity these days—a book designed as a gallery to show the art inside, not to show off itself. That makes it very elegant indeed. **E. F.-S.**

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Under all the John Lennon we actually found John Lennon.

A sampling of excerpts from past issues:

"If I could be a f—— fisherman I would. If I had the capabilities of being something other than I am, I would. It's no fun being an artist. You know what it's like, writing, it's torture. I read about Van Gogh, Beethoven, any of the f——ers. If they had psychiatrists, we wouldn't have had Gauguin's great pictures. These bastards are just sucking us to death; that's about all that we can do, is do it like circus animals.

I resent being an artist, in that respect, I resent performing for f—— idiots who don't know anything. They can't feel. I'm one that is expressing. They live vicariously through me and other artists, and we are the ones . . . even with the boxers—when Oscar comes in the ring, they're booing the s—— out of him, he only hits Clay once and they're all cheering him. I'd sooner be in the audience, really, but I'm not capable of it."

JOHN LENNON:
"Life With the Lions" By Jann Wenner

And underneath all the William Burroughs...

If I really knew how to write, I could write something that someone would read and it would kill them. The same way with music, or any effect you want could be produced if you were precise enough in your knowledge or technique.

How would that work with writing?

Exactly the same way. What is a writer trying to do? He's trying to reproduce in the reader's mind a certain experience, and if he were completely successful in that, the reproduction of the experience would be complete. Perhaps fortunately, they're not that successful.

Can words actually be that successful?

I think so. I think words possibly above all . . .

"WILLIAM BURROUGHS"
By Robert Palmer

And underneath all the Judee Sill...

"To raise the money for junk, we both pulled various scams, connivin' and schemin' and lyin' and trickin' people out of their money. Pretty soon, I realized that I could come up with more money by myself, so I went out on my own and started hookin', among other things. As a hooker, I wasn't ever—well, ah, my heart wasn't in it because I didn't care that much about gettin' hot at that time . . . all I really cared about was gettin' that needle in my vein, squeezin' off . . .

In jail, I'd had a recurrent fantasy about becoming a songwriter, you know, so when I got out, I started doin' that . . . everything started changin' for the better . . .

"I felt somethin' good would happen soon . . . At that instant, the phone rang, and it was David Geffen, the bigshot agent who was just then on the verge of startin' Asylum Records. I was flabbergasted, but when he asked me I hightailed it down to his office and sang him some songs. Afterwards, he said, 'Don't worry about a thing.' Then he asked me, 'What do you wanna do?' I said, 'Be a star.' 'How big a star you wanna be?' 'How big is the limit?' I asked him. . . .

JUDEE SILL:
"Soldier of the Heart" By Grover Lewis

And underneath all the Jane Fonda...

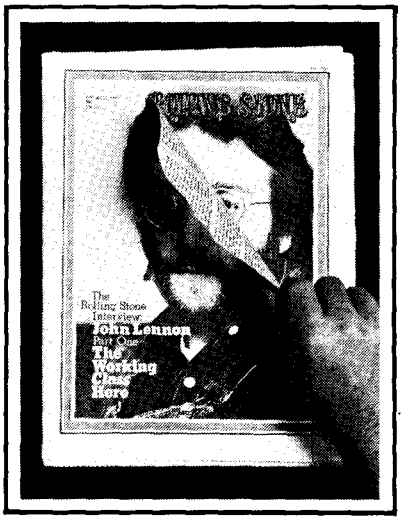
Jane Fonda gestures with her hands, she slaps the table for emphasis. She reaches, almost pulls physically for words that will express it right . . .

"Movie stars are a very unimportant segment of society. One time we were in Idaho doing a show at Mountain Home Air Base and a steel worker from Salt Lake City came all the way up there to get my autograph, which opened up a conversation about why would a signature of somebody who makes movies be so important? We were talking about the fact that you could remove every movie actor and actress and film director in the country and nothing would change, but if all the steel workers of America just sat down for a month, the whole world would change. Those are the people who have to start talking, and those are the people who really have something to say.

"The people who are students or whatever, the majority of people who make up the Movement, whatever it is today, I think are pretty inconsiderate of working people."

"They have contempt for working people. I mean the youth, the hippies, the whatever, talk about humanity and making life more human and love and peace. But when they're confronted with people who have to eke out their daily existence because they don't have the privilege of being hippies, there is a great deal of contempt. I don't think we're ever going to change this country until we start just being human. I mean just thinking about what it means to someone who's running a gas station. . . ."

JANE FONDA:
"So What's George C. Scott Done?" By Tim Findley



And underneath all the David Cassidy...

It was around that time that David started seeing a psychiatrist. He's been seeing one off and on since. Also, he started experimenting with drugs. "I didn't know who I was, and I did a lot of f—— around, experimenting—not smack, but grass and speed and psychedelics. I had some bad trips—tripping for kicks in the worst, most paranoid places." He was among those 16-year-olds who in 1967 went up to Haight-Ashbury to see what was going on.

"But I wasn't taking drugs seriously. I didn't want to be a junkie. A few of my friends died, committed suicide actually.

"Then I came down with mononucleosis and spent three months in the house. No socializing, no getting high—thinking. And I found out I cared a lot about myself. I wanted to achieve something, to do something with my life."

"NAKED LUNCH BOX:
The David Cassidy Story" By Robin Green

And underneath all the I. F. Stone...

"If the Russians and Americans come to blows, they'll destroy Western Europe. And most of Western civilization is in Western Europe. After the Second World War I just felt how precarious it was, all the beauties of Paris and Venice, the art museums, the buildings, all the wonders of the past, how quickly it could be destroyed, and they aren't going to be able to rebuild it after the next one like they did after this one . . . I don't see any way to stop the arms race without a world government, and if you don't stop the arms race, there'll be a war sooner or later. Not that anybody wants it, they'll stumble into it, like they stumbled into the First World War. . . .

"What'll be left? What'll be left? The holocaust that's coming is not going to be like the First and Second World Wars. They're going to poison the atmosphere and the water and the land. They're going to create such terror and panic that whatever people are left will be brutalized and savage, gangsters who will oppress each other. They'll fall back thousands of years."

Was he saying he actually thinks this is going to happen?

A long pause. Stone seemed literally exhausted. "I hope not . . . but I think . . . I think it's likely to happen . . ."

"THE ACHIEVEMENT OF I. F. STONE"
By Thomas Powers

And underneath all the Stanley Kubrick...

"Yes, I've been questioned many times about the 'mystical' aspects of *2001*. I'll put it this way. As soon as you deal with an idea which has at its heart God-like entities in the Universe you are obviously getting in a metaphysical area. On the deepest psychological level, the film's plot symbolizes the search for God, and it finally postulates what is little less than a scientific definition of God. The film revolves around this metaphysical conception, and the realistic hardware and the documentary feeling about everything were necessary in order to undermine your built-in resistance to the poetical concept.

"About the 'trip' sequence, I have to say that it was never meant to represent an acid trip. On the other hand a connection does exist. An acid trip is probably similar to the kind of mind-boggling experience that might occur at the moment of encountering extra-terrestrial intelligence. I've been put off experimenting with LSD because I don't like what seems to happen to people who try it. They seem to develop what I can only describe as an illusion of understanding and oneness with the Universe. This is a phenomenon which they can't articulate in any logical way, but which they express emotionally. They seem very happy, very content and very pleased with the state of mind, but at the same time they seem to be totally unaware of the fact that it deprives them of any kind of self-criticism which is, of course, absolutely essential for an artist to have. It's very dangerous to be zonked out by everything that you see and think of, and to believe all of your ideas are of cosmic proportions. I should think that if one had no interest in being an artist, this illusion of understanding would be delightful but for myself I think it is a pleasure which I'll forego for as long as I'm interested in making films."

"A CLOCKWORD UTOPIA:
On the Set With Stanley Kubrick"
by Anthony Bailey

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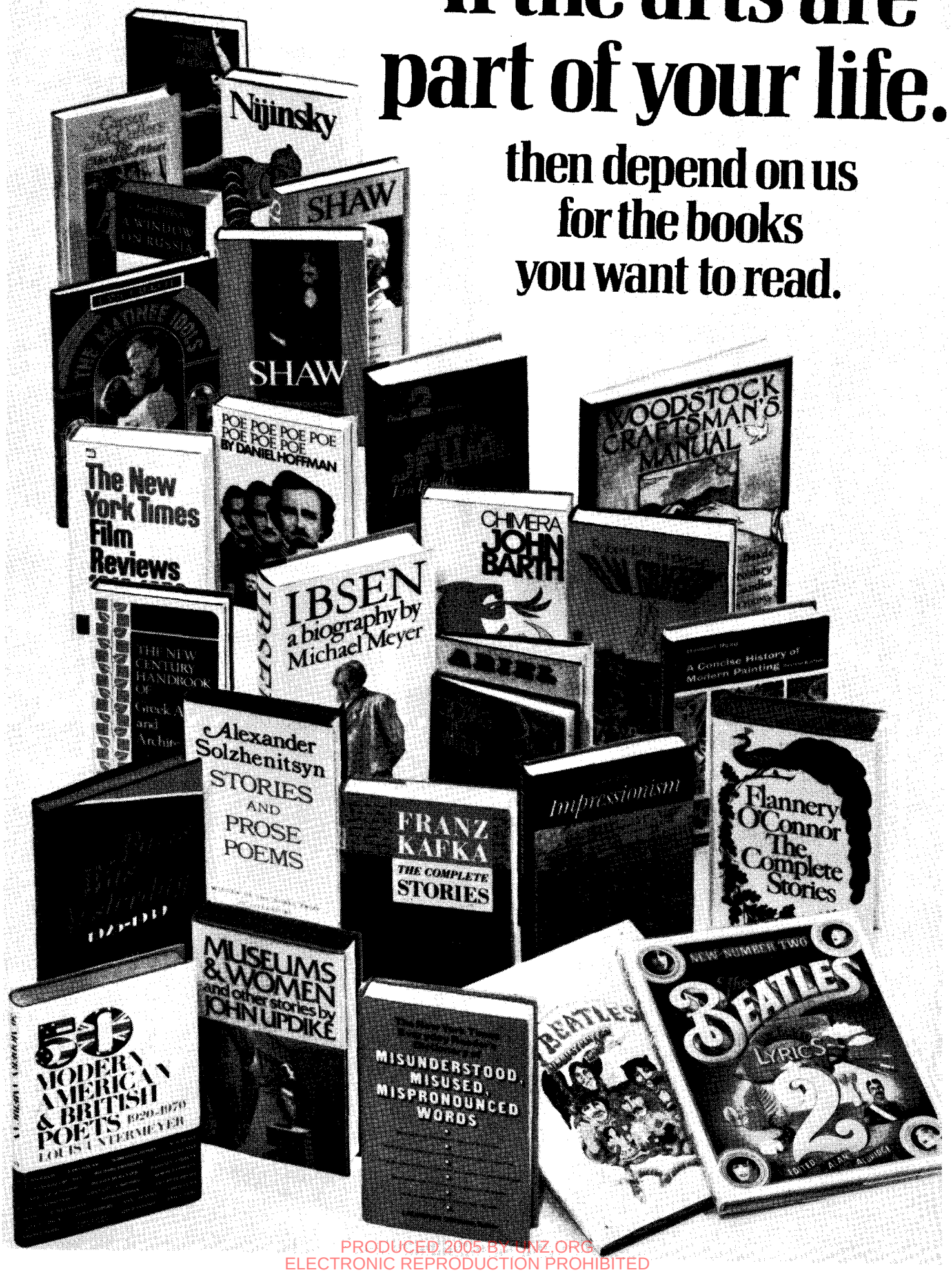

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spent two years as curator of paintings at New York's Metropolitan Museum (where he bullied and was more often bullied by J. P. Morgan), organized the important Post-Impressionist exhibits of 1910/1911 and 1912/1913 that were largely responsible for introducing modern painting to England, wrote an influential book on Cézanne, fell in love with Vanessa Bell (whose sister, Virginia Woolf, wrote a biography of him), founded the Omega Workshops (combining fine and decorative arts), lectured widely, and, from the evidence here, wrote letters to everybody. It was a life of cultivation and deep esthetic commitment, but not untouched by tragedy: within two years of their marriage, Fry's wife suffered the first of a series of mental collapses that would eventually confine her to an institution. Because a good many of the letters are concerned almost exclusively with theories of art or commentaries on events in the art world (primarily English), they will be particularly valuable for students of the period, but in their intelligence, grace, and occasional wit they provide dividends for the general reader as well. Few of them are revealing and none of them scandalous (those to Vanessa Bell, in particular, are disappointingly tame), but reading them is like taking a leisurely stroll through another world, with interesting comments on the famous and the weather scattered along the way.

THREE GENERATIONS OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY ART: The Sidney and Harriet Janis Collection of the Museum of Modern Art. Illustrated. 231 pages. The Museum of Modern Art (New York Graphic Society). $22.50.

This elaborate catalogue, said to be the most detailed ever issued by the Museum of Modern Art, pays tribute to the remarkable Sidney and Harriet Janis Collection, presented to the museum in 1967 and subsequently exhibited throughout America and abroad. Mr. Janis, who is one of the country's most notable art dealers, did not open his gallery until 1948, but he has been acquiring works since 1926 and his collection includes paintings by just about everybody of any importance in twentieth-century art, all accompanied here by an explanatory text—which often includes anecdotes from Mr. Janis—and all exhaustively annotated in the back of the book (there are a laudatory foreword and an introduction as well). The book is divided into three groupings—roughly, prewar Europeans, American primitives, and postwar everybody—and is of undeniable scope and excellence, ranging from early Léger to an Oldenburg *Giant Soft Fan*. But for all the elegance of its packaging (the paper is as thick and glossy as a yearbook's), the book offers only 17 of its 157 illustrations in color, which rather suggests it's intended more as a guide than as a permanent record.

THE SORROW AND THE PITY: A Film by Marcel Ophuls. Translated by Mireille Johnston. Illustrated. 194 pages. Outerbridge & Lazard. $7.95.

The Sorrow and the Pity, Marcel Ophuls's 4½-hour documentary film on Vichy France and the Nazi occupation, has been the most brilliant piece of reporting yet produced on that sorry, complicated subject. This English translation of the filmscript, printed as a series of dialogues without the interruption of camera directions, is not only highly readable but very nearly as interesting as the film itself. The voices, mannerisms, and rhythms of the speakers are gone, of course, but the dialogue remains vivid, perhaps because of the strong, and often conflicting, emotions its subject arouses. The stories some of the speakers tell are often capsule dramas: the young French aristocrat who joined the Waffen S.S. and fought with the Germans on the Eastern Front; the British homosexual secret agent who carried on an affair with a German officer while on assignment in Paris; the hairdresser tortured and jailed for collaboration on what she insists was a trumped-up charge; Pierre Mendès-France's account of his trial and escape to join the Resistance. Some helpful appendices of historical information are provided, along with a chronology and glossary of names, and the text is liberally illustrated with photographs of the period. The film has been a sensation in France, despite the government-controlled television network's refusal to broadcast it ("certain myths must not be destroyed"), and it is easy to see why: this is a portrait of a society still openly haunted by a past whose moral questions, with all their muddle of heroism and shame, can perhaps never be resolved. □

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(Continued on page 80)

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(Continued from page 79)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Janet Elliott Cameron

No. 2025

DEFINITIONS

A. Volume of verse by e. e. cummings (2 wds., 1 comp.)

B. Human face sculpted by wind and rain from sheer granite on Mount Washington in New Hampshire (5 wds.)

C. Two fours in gambling vernacular (4 wds.)

D. Hot, dry, dusty wind that blows from Morocco to Madeira

E. Undoubtedly (3 wds.)

F. Whiskey with beer as a chaser

G. Constituent republic of the Soviet Union; its capital is Kiev

H. Protect

I. Solace

J. Severity

K. Broadway hit of 1939, starring Katharine Cornell and Laurence Olivier (4 wds.)

L. Song from *As Thousands Cheer* by Irving Berlin (2 wds.)

WORDS

101 28 75 68 52 201 1 115 20 228 31
111 131 9 41

74 202 102 29 50 116 2 110 16 119 21
219 230 162 132 80 90 33 214 86

30 103 117 12 76 118 136 53 236 107 3
175 129 81 91

211 174 73 57 237

124 137 54 185 4 104 240 89 213 221

222 17 55 88 5 32 209 72 105 171 143

225 109 69 217 13 121 144

56 18 83 242 206 212 14

46 84 169 243 112

77 19 70 123 47 106 15 140 157

133 114 165 120 34 71 170 207 49 108 189
138 78 215 218

164 48 79 198 194 229 10 85 172 35 113
223

DEFINITIONS

M. Popular society, although its membership is dwindling (2 wds.)

N. Money, no substitutes (2 wds.)

O. General (comp.)

P. Small boats that cruise around Niagara Falls (4 wds.)

Q. Dickens's first novel to be published under his pseudonym "Boz," *The* ——— (2 wds.)

R. An individual considered as representative of the best or noblest elements of society (4 wds.)

S. Screen

T. Unauthorized

U. Fruit, sometimes red, black, or pale yellow; a type of boo

V. Best supporting actress, 1967, for her role in *Bonnie and Clyde* (2 wds.)

WORDS

135 233 24 122 199 176 6 94 180 51 67
146 36 163

7 63 126 234 238 159 97 151

220 59 173 45 127 167 226 130 134 193 147
8 154 95

25 42 58 186 179 65 60 196 181 150 155
37 92 128

22 40 160 204 227 125 183 232 98 96 148
152 195 44

39 153 43 166 61 190 235 93 182 188 178
23 66 141

161 192 241 205

142 99 149 203 231 210 27

62 156 11 139 224 38 184 239 197

200 158 82 26 187 191 100 145 87 168 216
177 64 208

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle. . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

					1 A	2 B	3 C		4 E	5 F	6 M		7 N	8 O	9 A	10 L	11 U	12 C
13 G	14 H	15 J		16 B	17 F		18 H	19 J	20 A	21 B		22 Q	23 R	24 M	25 P	26 V	_	27 T
28 A	29 B	30 C		31 A	32 F	33 B	34 K	35 L	36 M	37 P	38 U	39 R		40 Q	41 A		42 P	43 R
44 Q	45 O		46 I	47 J	48 L	49 K	50 B	51 M	52 A	53 C	54 E	55 F	56 H	57 D	58 P	59 O		60 P
61 R	62 U		63 N	64 V	65 P	66 R	67 M	68 A	69 G		70 J	71 K	72 F	73 D	74 B	75 A		76 C
77 J	78 K		79 L	80 B	81 C	82 V	83 H		84 I	85 L	86 B		87 V	88 F	89 E	90 B	91 C	92 P
	93 R	94 M	95 O		96 Q		97 N	98 Q	99 T	100 V	101 A	102 B	103 C	104 E		105 F	106 J	107 C
108 K	109 G		110 B	111 A	112 I		113 L	114 K	115 A	116 B	117 C		118 C	119 B	120 K	121 G	122 M	123 J
	124 E	125 Q	126 N	127 O	128 P		129 C	130 O	131 A	132 B		133 K	134 O	135 M		136 C	137 E	138 K
139 U	140 J	141 R	142 T	143 F	144 G		145 V	146 M	147 O	148 Q	149 T	150 P		151 N	152 Q	153 R	154 O	
155 P	156 U	157 J	158 V	159 N	160 Q	161 S	162 B	163 M	164 L	165 K	166 R	167 O		168 V	169 I	170 K	171 F	172 L
173 O	174 D	175 C		176 M	177 V		178 R	179 P		180 M	181 P	182 R		183 Q	184 U	185 E	186 P	187 V
188 R		189 K	190 R		191 V	192 S	193 O	194 L	195 Q	196 P	197 U		198 L	199 M	200 V	201 A		202 B
203 T	204 Q	205 S		206 H	207 K		208 V	209 F	210 T	211 D	212 H		213 E	214 B	215 K		216 V	217 G
218 K		219 B	220 O	221 E	222 F	223 L		224 U	225 G	226 O		227 Q	228 A		229 L	230 B	231 T	232 Q
233 M	234 N		235 R	236 C	237 D		238 N	239 U	240 E	241 S	242 H	243 I						

Solution of this issue's Double-Crostic will be found on page 77.

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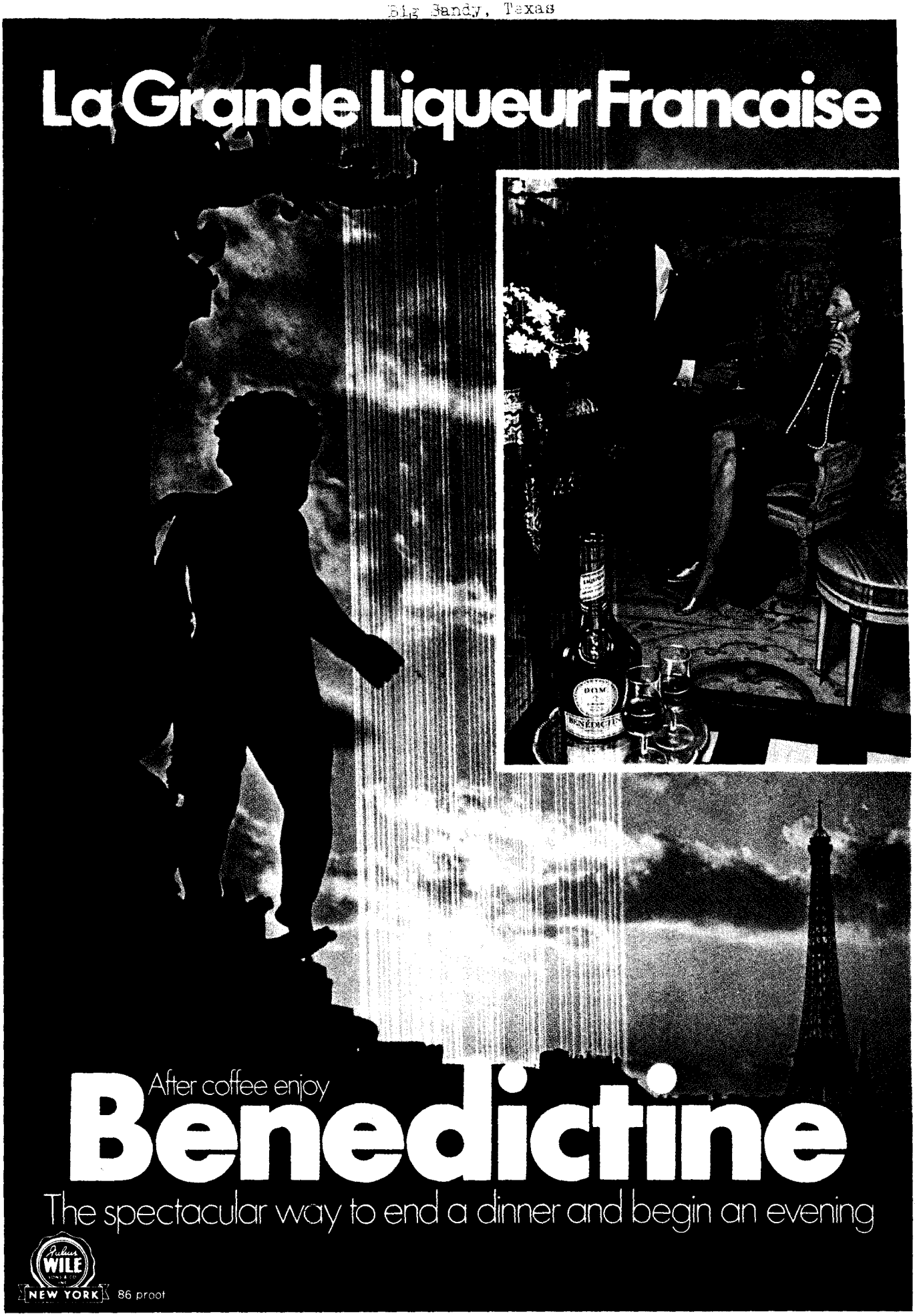

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